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ARTHUR'S

LADY'S

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 4.

T.S. ARTHUR & SONS
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. II.

GEORGE W. JACKSON'S ICE CREAM and DINING ROOMS, For Ladies and Gentlemen, 19 South Eighth St, below Market, Philada.

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HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION,

BY SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC, AND SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Dr. Schenck's medicines effect their great cures in the following manner: The first thing essential is to cleanse the stomach and bowels of all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging these organs, and then rouse up the liver and restore it to a healthy condition. The only remedy free from mercury or any poisonous ingredient is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. They will cleanse the stomach and bowels of all the morbid slime that is causing decay in the whole system. They will cleanse the liver of all the diseased bile that is there, and rouse it up to a healthy action, so that natural and healthy bile will be secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and now there is in the stomach an excess of acid, the appetite is poor, and the stomach weak. In the bowels the lacteals are feeble and require to be strengthened, the person feels debilitated. In a condition like this, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is the best remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize the excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh. It will give permanent tone to this organ, create a good, hearty appetite, prepare the system for a good digestion, and make good, healthy, and nutritious blood. After this treatment all that remains to cure consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.

The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence carried to the diseased Lungs. There it ripens all diseased matters, whether in the form of tubercles or abscesses, and then assists nature when this matter ripens to expel it by free expectoration. It is thus, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup that all ulcers and cavities are healed up soundly, and the person restored to health, and this treatment is the only one that will cure Consumption.

These medicines are prepared only by J. H. SCHENCK & Son, at their new building, N. E. corner of Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, and are kept for sale by all Druggists in the United States and Europe.

On Saturday of each week Dr. Schenck, or his son, Dr. J. H. Schenck Jr. can be consulted at their office, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, and can have their Lungs examined by the Respirometer invented by Dr. Schenck.

Full directions accompany all these medicines, so that a person in any part of the world can readily be cured by an observance of the same.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON.
Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, \$1.25 per bottle, or \$7 per half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box.

PAPOMA.

This is the name of the best Food for Infants now offered in the market. It is prepared only by the Nutric Manufacturing Co., No. 1550 South Ninth St., Philadelphia, and is sold by all first-class druggists. It is free from all the objections that are very properly urged against the multitude of vile compounds advertised as "food for infants." Papoma is made from wheat only, by a process of torrefication, using the entire kernel.

The starch contained in the grain is by this process partially converted into dextrine, which, unlike starch, is easy of digestion and assimilation by the delicate infantile stomach. It never irritates the digestive organs, is never rejected by the stomach, and never produces diarrhoea, as do nearly all the pernicious preparations for infants, which are sold at ridiculously extravagant prices in many instances. An eminent physician, in an article in the *Medical Times*, concurs in the opinion we have always held, that the farinaceous articles are highly improper as food for very young infants, for three reasons, viz.:

First. Because of their inability to digest them. The conversion of starch into glucose, or grape sugar, is begun by the saliva, and completed by the intestinal juices. Now, the saliva is not secreted in the infant before the fourth month, nor does the intestinal juice of a very young infant seem to have the power of converting starch into grape sugar, as would appear from the fact that in post-mortem of children, who, during their lifetime, had been largely fed on farinaceous articles, a starchy film has been found lining the intestines, which yielded the characteristic blue color to the iodine test.

Second. They do not contain the four classes of food in the proportion required for healthy nutrition, viz.: Albumen, fatty substances, carbo-hydrates, and salts.

Third. Supposing them to be digested, starches, and sugars into which starches are converted, have a greater affinity for oxygen than the albuminates have; they therefore tend to appropriate the oxygen which is required to combine with the waste tissues in order to effect their elimination, and they thus impede the proper nutritional changes; or, in other words, they are heat-giving rather than tissue-making materials.

Papoma does not belong to this class of preparations, but contains all the elements of a general and healthy nutrition, and being sold at a reasonable price, is within the means of all.

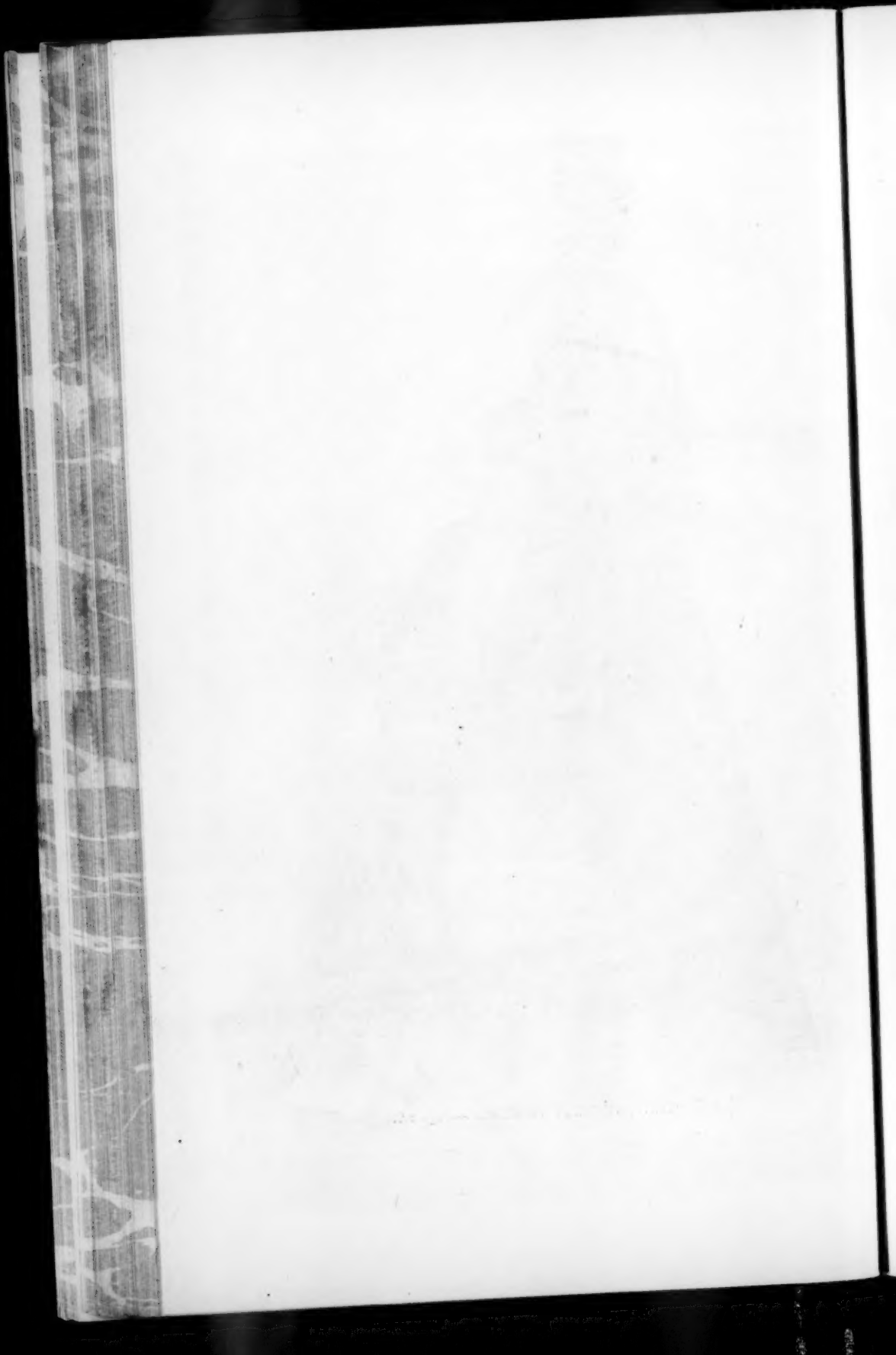
Intelligent physicians all recommend it as well for infants as for chronic and delicate invalids. It should be universally used by the latter at home and in the hospital.







"WRITE HER NOT TO COME."—Page 216.





Lavender-colored cashmere underskirt, with one ruffle on it, headed by a puff; overskirt and capes of a darker shade of cashmere, trimmed with lace and insertion of the same color. Bonnet of the two shades of silk, trimmed with flowers.



CRAVAT BOW.

This blue silk bow consists of one bow and two ends. For the latter take a square of silk twenty-two inches each way, and ravel out the edges to the depth of an inch, fold it to a triangle, and cut it across; then gather up the cross-way edges, stitch them to a piece of stiff net, and join them to the bow with a folded strap.

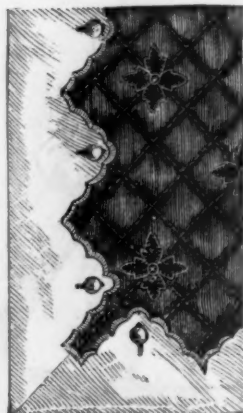


HEADRESS.



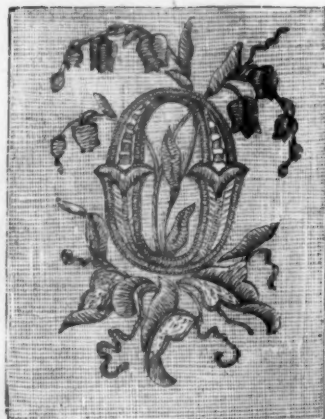
FANCY BOW

Composed of a rosette and ribbon, scalloped and edged with bias folds to simulate leaves.



QUILTED COUNTERPANE.

With buttonholed stars and buttoned-over cover, buttonholed in vandykes at the edge.



This initial may be worked with French embroidery cotton on pocket-handkerchiefs, toilet pincushions, or other articles of washing material, or may be embroidered with colored silks on card cases, note-books, albums, etc., of silk, satin, or leather. The various stitches may be discerned from the illustration, the chief being satin-stitch, overcast-stitch, chain-stitch, and buttonhole-stitch.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

In the Morning of Life, or, Nil Desperandum.

WORDS BY W. SWAIN.

MUSIC BY W. S. GLOVER.

Furnished by F. A. NORTH & CO., 1026 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 6/8 time signature. It consists of a single melodic line in the right hand and a complex accompaniment in the left hand. The left hand accompaniment is characterized by dense, rhythmic chords and arpeggiated figures. The melody is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are printed below the staff, aligned with the notes. The score is divided into systems, with the first system containing the initial piano introduction and the subsequent systems containing the vocal melody and accompaniment.

In the
morning of life, with bosom elate, The youth leaves the home of his heart, To seek on the treacherous
ocean his fate; And in life's busy scene takes his part, And in life's busy scene takes his

[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1862 by R. M. LAWTON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

part. And thus going on 'midst trouble and care, He sings, "Nil desperandum I'll never despair."

CHORUS.

Sings "Nil desperandum, Nil desperandum, Nil desperandum I'll never despair."

O'er oceans expanse, though dark clouds arise,
And the wind with loud gust swept the waves,
The tempest-toss'd vessel, as onward she flies,
The storm most terrific she braves. ♯
And thus in all weathers, in foul and in fair,
He sings, "Nil desperandum, I'll never despair."

At length when the perilous voyage is o'er,
And the ship in anchor she lies,
Then gladly he springs on his dear native shore,
And swiftly safe homeward he flies. ♯
Then throwing aside all his trouble and care,
He sings, "Nil desperandum, I'll never despair."

ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1872.

IN BUSINESS HOURS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP."

"IT'S a poor head that cannot bear a glass of wine," said the young man.

"Few heads can bear it in business hours," was the reply. "So, take a friend's advice, Howard, and let the wine alone."

The last speaker was past the meridian of life. He had a care-worn face, and deep, thoughtful eyes. If you studied his countenance when in repose, you read in many of its lines a record of disappointment and heart-ache. The other was a handsome young man, with clear, confident eyes, and a self-poised air. You saw that he had faith in himself—was hopeful and strong; and meant to win in the race of life.

"Why do you say in business hours, Mr. Clarkson?" inquired the young man, as he held the wine near his lips.

"Because success in business requires a clear head; and no head is as clear after a glass of wine is taken as it was before."

Mr. Clarkson said this so gravely and impressively that his companion was struck by his manner, and felt that he spoke from some painful experience. He stood irresolute for a moment, and then set down the untasted glass of wine.

"Right, my young friend!" There was a tone of satisfaction in Mr. Clarkson's voice.

"But," said Howard, as he moved back from a table covered with the daintiest refreshments and the choicest wines—a table surrounded by beauty and fashion—"I see many of our successful business men here, and they are taking wine freely. At a bridal reception no one can refuse."

"The occasion does not lessen the danger," Mr. Clarkson answered. "Some men who go

from here this morning will be poorer by night-fall than when they came."

"In the chances of trade and speculation loss and gain come to some men every day. It is the natural course of things," said Howard.

"But I mean, poorer for the wine drank here," replied Mr. Clarkson. "I see men in this room who have large business interests of their own and others to manage; interests that require the coolest judgment and the most careful thought. They will hurry away from here in a little while, and go back to their offices, their stores and their counting-rooms, to take up the work intermitted for a brief hour. Do you think they will be as clear-headed as before? as well fitted to grapple with the issues that demand their highest ability? Will the wine they have taken be a help or a hindrance?"

"I could tell you a story," Mr. Clarkson added, after a pause, "so full of warning, that its lesson would hardly fail to impress you deeply. But this is neither the time nor the place."

"Will you make the time and place?" asked Howard, whose interest and curiosity were both awakened.

"Yes."

"When and where?"

"I shall be at home this evening, and will be pleased to see you. I live at No. 403 — street."

"Thank you. I shall certainly call."

The two men separated, young Howard wondering why Mr. Clarkson should have manifested any special concern for him. What had been said about the danger of confusing the mind by drink in business hours lingered in

his thoughts, and the more he pondered it the more its significance grew upon him. In the evening he called on Mr. Clarkson, as he had promised.

"Glad to see you, my young friend," was the kind greeting he received. "I knew your father years ago; and there are many things in my memory of him that I recall with pleasure. He was a true man, Mr. Howard; and the world is better for his having lived in it. It was my thought of him that led me to speak as I did to you this morning. I might almost say that it was a voice of warning from your father through me."

"I cannot but feel a little surprised at this," Howard said, frankly. "My father used wine. I have often seen him take a glass at his own table when we had company. He set it before his guests, and partook of it on social occasions. At my sister's wedding reception, which occurred during his lifetime, wine was served as at the reception this morning."

A shadow dropped over Mr. Clarkson's face. After a little silence he replied: "I know all this. And your father never used wine to excess—did not care much for it—was only in accord with a social custom. And yet, temperate as he was, you are poorer to-day by many thousands of dollars than you would have been if he had not taken a few glasses of wine at your sister's wedding reception!"

"You cannot mean what you say, Mr. Clarkson!" the young man exclaimed, his face flushing and paling by turns.

"It is true, my young friend," was answered. "And I, too, was hurt beyond recovery by the wine I drank in health to the bride on that occasion. It was in business hours, and robbed my mind of the clear sight needed at a time when to blunder was next to ruin."

"I am more surprised than I can express," was the young man's remark. "My father hurt by wine! It seems impossible. Are you very sure about this thing, Mr. Clarkson?"

"I cannot be mistaken. The records of disaster are cut very deep."

"Will you tell me the whole story?"

"It is still very fresh in my memory. It seems an event of yesterday. I had an engagement to meet your father after the reception. The Lake Superior copper mining fever was then at its height. Your father was a cool, clear-headed man, and generally kept aloof from schemes of money making not connected with legitimate trade. It so happened that one of your restless, over-sanguine men, who are always on the look-out for some scheme by

which money can be made more rapidly than in competitive mercantile or manufacturing operations, had made a visit to the Ontonagon region, and, in company with a country surveyor, prospected for a mine. According to his representation, they had discovered one of the richest deposits of ore in the whole Lake Superior region, and held the secret of its location. He had come east to organize a company, and had yet only talked to a few capitalists, who had arranged to meet him at one o'clock on the day I have referred to, in order to get a full development of his plans.

"Neither your father nor I felt much interest in the matter. We had little faith in mining speculations, having seen more money lost in them than gained, by a thousand per cent. But we had been so strongly pressed to attend this meeting that we were constrained to be present.

"From the wedding reception, flushed with wine—we had each taken three or four glasses, and our heads were not very strong—we went to this meeting to hear about the marvelously rich deposit of almost virgin copper discovered somewhere on the range of the great Minnesota conglomerate belt. Maps and plans were spread before us; specimens of copper ore exhibited; cost of land, and the particulars of working mines, and the money needed for development, set forth in eloquent detail.

"I soon saw that your father, in whose face was an unwonted glow, and in whose eyes shone an unusual brightness, was becoming much interested, and foremost in making inquiries and getting at facts and figures. His ordinary coolness and reserve were gone. He had permitted himself to come under the magnetism of the plausible individual who wished to draw us into his scheme of fortune-making, and was completely carried away by his representations.

"I, too, saw golden visions, and when your father said, 'Gentlemen, I mean to go into this thing,' I was the first to respond, 'So do I!' Our example was infectious. We had the reputation of being prudent, far-seeing men; and the fact that we saw money in an undeveloped copper mine had a strong influence upon those present, none of whom had the remotest suspicion that our judgment was obscured and our vision distorted by wine.

"There were ten individuals present at that meeting. Under your father's lead and mine, the preliminary organization of a joint stock company was made, and a committee appointed to procure a charter. The capital was to be

two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, divided into five thousand shares at fifty dollars each; the money to be paid in by instalments as needed. As shown by full estimates and the results accomplished in leading mines, not over fifty thousand dollars would have to be expended before paying returns were obtained. The stock would then rise to par, commanding fifty dollars a share for ten paid in.

"Your father headed the subscription, putting his name down for two thousand shares. His faith and example were potent with me, and I followed with a thousand more. In a few minutes the whole subscription was full; and we had a compact organization of ten men, two of whom, your father and I, held the controlling influence; our proportion of shares being three-fifths of the whole number. It was voted to pay in at once two dollars a share, or ten thousand dollars, in order to make a cash payment on the land, and to get funds for beginning immediately the work of opening the mine. The charter would come and the company organization proceed in due course.

"I went away from that meeting feeling strangely. On going to my store, I remember sitting down at my desk, and resting my head between my hands, trying to think just where I stood and what I had been doing. I remember saying to myself, as the excitement under which I had been laboring cooled down and my brain got clearer, 'Have I been dreaming or acting the fool?' I was doing a moderately profitable business, that required careful working. My capital, while sufficient to ensure success, was not large, and needed to be well cared for and handled judiciously. I could not take two thousand dollars away from it without deranging my calculations and limiting, in some degree, my operations. And yet, I had put down my name for a thousand shares of stock, at a par value of fifty dollars each, and might be called on to pay assessments to the full amount! I felt the cold sweat on my forehead. I said to myself, 'What came over me? I must have lost my senses!' Then it flashed into my thought that the wine drunk at your sister's reception had been the evil influence which led me astray—the blinding power that obscured my judgment. I was startled at the revelation—startled and ashamed.

"But there was now no going back upon what I had done. I had entered into an honorable contract, and could not, without loss of business standing, refuse to meet its requirements. Your father came to see me late in the afternoon to talk over the new mining enter-

prise. I saw that his fine enthusiasm was gone; and did not fail to observe that in referring to the copper product his mind rested more upon the work that had to be done than on the splendid results to be obtained. He was not sure that the sanguine individual who had led us into this scheme was the cool, reliable, balanced man we needed for the management of our affairs in the mining region. His calm, strong, practical mind was going over the whole ground in sober earnest; and it was plain that the rosy hues which had so pleased our eyes a few hours before were fading fast away.

"But he was not one to look back after once putting his hands to any work. He was sensitive and proud, and more willing to face an enemy and dare a loss, than to acknowledge a mistake. Under the influence of his unwonted enthusiasm, he had drawn a number of capitalists and men of business into a mining enterprise, and he felt pledged to the work of its success.

"At an early day our charter was in hand, when an election of officers was held, and your father made president of the company. The care and work, the anxieties and disappointments he endured for the next year or two, in his efforts to manage the affairs of the company, broke his spirit and impaired his health. Money was poured into the mine like water into sand; assessment after assessment was made, until each shareholder had paid in thirty dollars a share. It was impossible for me to take thirty thousand dollars out of my business without destroying it; so I was forced to sell half of my stock at a loss of fifty cents on the dollar. I carried the balance at a crippling cost. But your father paid at each assessment, until he had sixty thousand dollars locked up in certificates, that commanded no dividends, and had ceased to be quoted at any price in the stock market.

"I will not detail the experience we had in copper mining. It was a continued series of disappointments, from the time ground was broken until the work was abandoned. Ore was found, but never in paying quantities. What was sent to market paid us about a mill a pound for a dollar expended in procuring it. Our superintendent, whose calls for money were incessant, always wrote in the most glowing terms. Every indication was good. We were surely approaching one of the great lodes which other operators had struck in that region, and the moment we reached it, our stock would go up to, and far beyond, par. But the

lode was never found. At the end of a year and a half the mine was abandoned.

"I shall never forget the meeting of directors at which we voted to stop work. Your father, who presided at the meeting, sat in the chair more like a statue than a living man. At its close I walked away with him. He was not inclined to talk. I saw that he was deeply mortified and evidently much troubled. He had put sixty thousand dollars into this bubble, and it had burst. The land, for which we paid twenty thousand, would not sell for enough to meet the claims that still stood against the company. So, all was gone. As we paused at a corner of the street where our ways parted, he said, with much bitterness: 'To think of my being such a fool! I cannot account for it, except on the hypothesis of temporary insanity. In less than an hour after I put my name down for two thousand shares of that accursed stock, I knew that I had committed the greatest blunder of my life; and nothing but a morbid sense of mercantile honor kept me from repudiating the whole thing. If I had done so I would have saved myself and others from these cruel losses and disappointments.'

"I have long since divined the cause of both your folly and mine," I replied.

"You have!" He spoke with a nervous throb in his voice. The color deepened in his face. He looked at me with something like startled suspicion in his eyes.

"Wine is a mocker," I said.

"Wine! What has wine to do with a copper stock company?" he asked.

"It had more to do with this one, I imagine, than you may have suspected."

"He looked at me steadily for a moment or two. I saw his countenance change. As his eyes fell slowly to the ground, a deep sigh parted his lips.

"Good morning!" he said, an instant afterward, and strode away. He had understood me.

"Trouble never comes alone. With sixty thousand dollars taken out of your father's business, and nearly twenty thousand out of mine, we were both in peril. To reach port, we must have a smooth sea and favoring winds. But we had neither. There came a sudden panic in financial circles; banks reduced their line of discounts; and rates of interest went up to ruinous figures. Trade sympathized and fell off. Weak houses began to totter and go down, and stronger ones to show signs of trouble. I struggled, and sacrificed, and held on with desperate energy; but vainly. My boats went under.

"I knew that your father was badly crippled; and when I thought of him, it was with a concern made acute by my own sense of danger. One day, in passing a large auction house, I saw him step forth and stand for a moment, looking bewildered and agitated. I crossed over to him and said: 'Good morning, Mr. Howard. Nothing wrong, I hope.'

"Ruin! That is all!" he answered, with forced calmness.

"Oh, no!" I returned. "Not so bad as that!"

"He drew his arm in mine, and we walked away. After a little while he spoke, his voice less steady than before.

"Yes, my friend, ruin—and the cause you know too well. To save myself, I forced a sale of my property on Walnut Street, and it has just been struck down at little over half what I would have taken for it a month ago! And that means ruin! The sum to be received will not meet my wants, and I shall be forced to suspend after all, with assets and resources diminished by the amount lost in this disastrous sale!"

"And all this," I could not help saying, with bitter emphasis, "comes as the result of a glass or two of wine taken in business hours!"

"He caught my arm with a sudden grip. There was a wild, desperate, half angry look in his face. It went off slowly, and his fingers as slowly relaxed their hold upon my arm.

"We parted without another word, and the subject was never referred to again. Your father went through his painful ordeal and came out with a small remnant of property, after paying his debts. I lost everything, and have been a poor man ever since. He was moderately successful in new business enterprises. At his death he left an estate worth at least a hundred thousand dollars less than it would have been if he had not tasted wine in business hours."

THE man who has begun to live and work by artificial stimulant never knows where he stands, and can never count upon himself with any certainty. He gets into his castle a servant who becomes the most tyrannical of masters. He may resolve to turn him out, but will find himself reduced to the condition in which he can neither do with nor without him.

Good words are like dewdrops; they fall silently, but who can tell their effect?

ELEANOR'S CHOICE.

BY MARTHA D. HARDIE.

"SO you've made up your mind to go, Eleanor?"

The girl at the window dropped the bits of lace and silk she was trifling with, and looking, not at the speaker, but out of doors, answered hesitatingly, "Yes, aunt, for three months."

"You might as well go for good and all!" Ten years an invalid, Mrs. Craven's temper was not faultless. "It amounts to that. You'll go off there and marry some jack-nape, and forget all about your poor aunt, that's been a mother to you these ten years. I never thought it of you, Eleanor. What I'm to do, I'm sure I can't tell."

"You will do as you always have done," she answered, with the air of one who had argued and settled the question. "Laura is quite able to take care of you. You will save my expenses, and can perhaps get a little maid to help in the house. As for me, I mean to study all I can in these three months. And I shall be back before your winter rheumatism troubles you; so you will hardly miss me."

For answer Mrs. Craven only groaned. "The way of the world!" and rocked herself to and fro violently. Eleanor, flushing, looked out of the window in silence. She needed the rest of the beautiful scene before her—the cliffs wearing holiday robes of color, the sea flashing and dimpling in the sunshine—to quiet her. For she was but human, and it seemed to her very cruel of her aunt to look on her wish to better her condition as ingratitude to herself. For ten years she had been house-keeper and nurse to her aunt, and let her butterfly cousin do as she pleased. It was but fair that now they should change places awhile.

This was her story: Eleanor May, an orphan of nine, had ten years before come to Mrs. Craven. Before that she had memories of a beautiful home, a tender mother. When she came to Lindley, all that was past. A born nurse, she had from the first taken on herself the care of her aunt. She was dependent on her, but tried by service to cancel the debt. Laura Craven, a gay, pretty girl, two years older than she, paid little attention to her mother, and looked on Eleanor as a convenient servant. Eleanor was patient, but she murmured sometimes. She was a born artist, and her happiest hours were spent

over her poor little drawing-books. She knew that she had talent; knew that could she have teachers she might win honor and independence. But the little village gave her no chance, and she was too poor to go away. With few friends, tiring herself day after day by patient service for her aunt, her recreation was to steal down to the sea, watch its changing glories, and sometimes feebly try to transfer them to paper. So her life had crept on till a year before. Then a Mr. Lawrence, a man of wealth, brought his daughter to the seashore for her health. Amy Lawrence had an artist's eyes. She saw some of Eleanor's sketches, and recognized her talent, met her one day on the beach and impetuously introduced herself. Her beauty would have been a passport to her heart alone; for Amy was plain, and Eleanor had that rare loveliness, born of perfect health and refinement joined. They were friends from that hour, and Eleanor hardly knew how lonely her life had been till they went away. They came again next year, but this time Amy was plainly dying. She only stayed a fortnight, and then begged that Eleanor might go with her home. In a month she died.

It was natural that her parents, an old and childless couple, should have looked with interest on their daughter's friend. But kind as they had been to her, she was not a little astonished, two months after Amy's death, to get a letter from Mr. Lawrence, proposing that she should come and live with them as companion, friend, daughter. "You are like Amy, we think. There is no one whom we could or will take in her place. You have our hearts now, and our home is open to you." There was no need for him to say how much the change would do for her. She remembered the beautiful house, the refined, lovable old couple, whom, liking first for Amy's sake, she had learned to regard with a deeper feeling, seeing in them, she fancied, what her own father and mother would have been, had they lived. The temptation was great, but Eleanor realized so fully how much her aunt needed her, how great was her claim on her, that she did not dare to fully accept. Mr. Lawrence had suggested that she visit them for three or six months before a decision was made on either side. He promised her in that time

every advantage the city could give in her art. To that she yielded. Left alone, Laura might improve, and if they found it easy to do without her she could stay.

So she said, looking out on the sea and dreaming of the future. It was very bright to her just then. For three months she was to be perfectly happy among books and pictures and all beautiful things, freed from care, pursuing studies that would be a delight. She never thought how these three months of indulgence might warp her conscience and weaken her will to do right. So her choice was made.

The Lawrences received her with cordiality. How much Amy's last wish, that "poor Eleanor might be given a chance," had had to do in leading them to take her, one can hardly say; but they soon learned to love her for herself. Mrs. Lawrence, who had seen four lovely daughters taken one by one from her by sudden fever or wasting consumption, looked soon with almost a mother's proud eyes on the beautiful girl. Mr. Lawrence was proud of her talent, glad to give her every opportunity he could. Her duties as companion were merely nominal. To read to Mrs. Lawrence sometimes, to copy now and then for him. The rest of her time was her own. She had the best masters in the city, and was soon busy in the art she loved best. And, lest her health should suffer by too much confinement, they insisted on daily rides in their luxurious carriage. Below the grounds ran a small creek, and a little boat that idly rocked there was given her. Therein hours among the brightest in the day were passed. Then the glimpses of society, her ripening beauty making no little impression on the circle to which her friends belonged. Her slender figure had grown rounder, her cheeks had won roses from wind and sunshine, and her happiness had brought a deeper light to her lovely eyes. Her friends were fond and proud of her, and often, as if by accident, instead of Eleanor the familiar "Amy" dropped from their lips, falling on her like a caress.

And so, with everything bright in one way, and only clouds over the other, Eleanor's will faltered. She spoke, in her letters to her aunt, less and less of her coming home, more and more of the bright prospects opening before her. And the responses of her aunt and cousin—fretful complaints of their trials, and wishes for her return—were read more and more carelessly.

Before the three months was over, Mrs. Lawrence had said: "My dear, as your aunt

seems to be doing so well without you, you can stay with us till spring, can you not?"

And Eleanor startled, confused, hushed the inner voice that told her she was wicked, faltered a half assent, and found that taken as a settlement of the question.

"You must see more of society this winter," Mr. Lawrence said, when he heard the new plan. "Our little beauty must not be hid under a bushel too long. Don't start, Ellie. I don't mean that the treasured easel is to be given up; but a little dissipation will do you good."

And so a party—a very select and small affair—was given for her, and among the lights and perfumes and flowers the young girl stood like a princess, and knew herself, in her grace and refinement, peer of the proudest there.

She was standing near the conservatory for a breath of purer air, when Mr. Lawrence brought Ralph Moreton to her—Ralph Moreton over whose romantic name and splendid person, and supposed fortune, and general fascinations, half the girls in the town were wild—a tall, handsome man, with dark eyes and heavy mustache, white hands and very small feet. His talk was interesting, running lightly over the topics of everyday interest, on art, a glimpse or two of his own travels—he was just home from Europe—one or two graceful compliments, and all the while the dark eyes said unutterable things when she lifted hers to them. Altogether, the ten minutes' talk with him had been the pleasantest part of the evening, and Eleanor found herself next day dreamily recalling all he had said with fresh interest.

It was the old story. Two months from the night of the party, Eleanor shyly put her hand in Mrs. Lawrence's, and said, as the sunset light flashed back from a diamond ring: "You did not expect I should leave you so soon, dear Mrs. Lawrence? Perhaps I am not acting right—"

Mrs. Lawrence studied the drooping face. "So you want to marry Mr. Moreton, dear?" she said, smoothing her hair tenderly. "Are you sure, very sure, that it will be for the best? He is handsome, wealthy, too, I hear, and you like him, of course."

There was no answer. Eleanor had put her head in Mrs. Lawrence's lap, and her face was hidden.

"But, of course, dear," after a minute's pause, "you will not be married very soon. You are so young, and have known him such a little while. We shall keep you some time yet."

"I told him that," Eleanor said, eagerly. "I'm not twenty, you know. I don't wish to be married for a year, at least—that is, if you don't object to keeping me so long."

Mrs. Lawrence kissed her tenderly. "We shall be only too sorry to lose you. So, we are to have you a year, at least?"

"Yes, Mr.—Ralph was—well—not unwilling to wait a little, though he thought the time I set very long."

"Long engagements rarely end well," Mrs. Lawrence said, thoughtfully. "But, in this case it is decidedly best. Marry in haste—you know the saying. Ah! well, it's no more than we might have expected," sighing and smiling as she looked at the girl's lovely face.

So the matter was settled. Eleanor wore her ring and received Ralph Moreton's visits oftener than before. Otherwise her life was unchanged. The happiest hours of the day were spent—not with her lover, but over her easel. She wondered at it a little, reproached herself for her coldness, but she could not alter facts. Certainly she thought more of Mr. Moreton than of any one she had ever met. She wrote to her aunt of her engagement, and had a feeble letter of congratulation, beginning and ending with the plaint, "I told you so." There had been two or three letters since, which she had hardly read. She was so busy between her art and her love, that she had no time.

Winter drifted into spring. One day in late April she came up the broad garden-walk, swinging her hat idly in one hand, caressing with the other the great house-dog, who loitered at her side. Mr. Lawrence came out on the porch to meet her, admiration in his eyes. No thought or care of the future was in her mind. More from habit than anything else she asked for letters.

"You're not going to read it now?" he said, as he gave her one.

She glanced at the post-mark, and put it in her pocket. "It can wait," she said, carelessly.

"How well you are looking, Eleanor," he said. "You seem to thrive, in spite of your engagement."

"Did you expect me to go into a decline?" she laughed. "I was never better, I think. Will you prove me by a row? We have not been on the river this spring."

"Mr. Moreton takes so much of your time, that I'm quite put out. I'll go. I may not have another chance."

So it happened that it was not till late that night that Eleanor sat down and sleepily

opened her letter. There were two in the envelope—one from her aunt, one from Laura. She read the last first, smiling over its business-like direction.

"I am to be married the 25th of next month to Mr. Roden. You remember him—the rich old bachelor, that has been a year coming to the point. We are to spend six months in Europe, then go to New York to live. I am to have quite a grand wedding—white satin and veil and four bridesmaids; just as I always said I would have, if mamma did groan over the bills. Of course, I expected that, but she makes more fuss than I had looked for. To tell the truth, I don't know what she is to do while I'm gone, or after I come back, either, for she says it will kill her to live in the city. Of course, she can't live here alone, and she complained greatly of having to board.

"Can you get away from your friends long enough to be one of my bridesmaids? Mamma wants to see you, and, of course, you ought to come to the wedding. Write soon, and give me some hints as to fashions. No one here can tell me how to have my wedding-dress made."

"What I'm to do when Laura goes, I'm sure I don't know," Mrs. Craven wrote. "Laura hasn't been to me what you were; but she was better than no one. She says I must sell the house and board, but I can't tell where. Mrs. Goodenough is the only one who would be willing to take me at any price I can pay, and I can't go there. Laura's outfit is going to take about all the money I had laid by.

"I wish you were here. I do wish you never had gone to those folks. I suppose they are kind to you, and it's for your interest; but it does seem as if you owed a little something to me, I have loved you as much as Laura; better sometimes, I think. Laura says I am to live with her when she comes back, but I know I never should be happy in her house: and I can't live in the city, anyway. Of course, you will come to the wedding. It may be my last chance to see you, for I feel as if I should not live long if I'm left alone; and I don't know as it makes much difference." So the feeble woman wailed through a couple of sheets.

The first shadow of trial had come over her as she read her cousin's letter. Laura to marry—to go to Europe, and leave her mother so many months alone. No one but Laura would have done it; but petted and indulged from her cradle, petted even when she wronged her mother, this last act was but the natural consequence of years of selfishness.

But her aunt? She had said truly that to leave the home in which almost all her life had been spent, to go to a stranger's house and be dependant on acquaintances for the loving care and attendance she had so long been given, would well-nigh kill her. It was plain that if Laura went she must take her place. And she could not, she could not give up her plans, even for six months. Of course, when she married, her aunt might have a home with her. So she would pay her debt. But for the eight months that lay between this time and her wedding, she could not give up her pleasant life.

She could not decide the matter alone. She carried the letters to Mrs. Lawrence next day, and, much as the lady's heart misgave her at the prospect of losing her pet, she saw clearly enough what she must do.

"Your first duty is to your aunt, my dear," she said. "But have you thought what Mr. Moreton may say? It is plain to me that if you go you will stay a long time."

"When I marry," Eleanor said, hesitatingly, "I mean that she shall live with me. And we are to be married next fall, you know."

"H'm! Mr. Moreton's sentiments may not agree with yours. And I am not sure that he has not a right to dictate in this matter. My darling," the old lady rose and took Eleanor's hands in hers, "you should be prepared for the worst. Are you willing to sever your engagement to do your duty? For it will probably be necessary. He must love you very much to stand this ordeal of separation, and—pardon me for saying just what I think—I never thought he could love any one more than himself."

Eleanor stood silent, too stunned to speak. It meant that then, not the giving up for a few months, but forever. She could not play fast and loose with fate. Of course there were possibilities the other way, but she must face the prospect of leaving her beautiful home, her artistic culture, her lover, her happiness, forever.

For a day, to give up seemed impossible. Into her sleepless night came a memory that decided her. A year before she had laughed to her aunt over the peculiarities of her physician, a man young in years, but made old and strange by misfortune. Her aunt had rebuked her, and then, with more feeling than she often showed, had told her the story of Dr. Downs's life. How, from the time he was thirteen, he had hardly had a friend, and no relation, save one sister five years younger than himself, whom he passionately loved. How for him-

self and this sister he had toiled through ten weary years, and then, just when success seemed near, she had become an incurable invalid. How he had loved, had hoped soon to marry, but for her sake gave up everything—his practice, his ideal of all grace and beauty—that he might go with this sister to South America. How when he returned, five years later, leaving her in her grave, he found his ideal woman had broken faith with him and married another. He was now near thirty, and life seemed to hold nothing more for him. Yet he went about his duties as before, and was slowly working his way to a place of honor, but with little hope of finding other men's happiness in life.

She had heard the story then with a thrill of sympathy. It came back to her now and helped her. Should she be weaker than this man, whom, for his homeliness, his lack of manly graces, she had almost despised? She bent now before the revelation of heroism that came to her, and in her own weak way resolved to copy it. So, unconsciously, across the gulf of separation one soul touches and commands another.

She told her decision the next morning. She must go in a fortnight. Mr. Lawrence would have argued with her, but his wife restrained him.

Then Eleanor sent for Ralph Moreton—not to ask his advice, but to tell him her fixed purpose to live with and help her aunt. He listened in piqued surprise. But when she said, slipping the little diamond circlet from her finger, "When you engaged yourself to me, you thought me free to marry when and whom I would. All that is changed now. I shall not probably return here. I am a poor girl, and it may be long before I can marry. Under the circumstances, of course, I release you"—when she said this, Mr. Moreton could say nothing for a moment. She looked so beautiful, and perhaps he really loved her. At length he found voice.

"Circumstances cannot alter my love, Eleanor. Unless you wish to be free, I shall not dream of releasing myself. Your scheme seems, indeed, somewhat absurd, but a fault only proves you more human to me."

He lifted the ring as he spoke. It was the old tone, the old tender glance, that had moved her so often, but now she resisted.

"No," she said, stepping back, "I will not wear your ring. If you wish it, I consent to—to hold myself bound for three months. In that time we must hold no communication,

and if, at the end of the time, you think as you do now, come to Lindley, and I will take back your ring."

"What child's play is this, Eleanor?" His pride was hurt. "If you cannot indeed trust me any more than this, we had better part."

"So be it," she said, and if her lips whitened her voice was firm. "I have no wish to hold you against your will."

And therewith she bowed herself out, and Mr. Moreton was left to some unpleasant reflections. But there were plenty of pretty girls in the world, he said to himself as he went his way, and it would be a pity if he could not find another as fresh and sweet as Eleanor, without any foolish tendencies to martyrization.

Back again at Lindley, the wedding over, and careless Laura gone, Eleanor settled down into the old still life, doubly disagreeable by contrast with the brilliant past. Her aunt was glad and grateful to have her back, but that could not alter her nature, and, though she meant to be kind, she was often fretful and capricious. The excitement of Laura's wedding had made her worse, and the expensive outfit had so reduced their little income that the girl had to be dismissed, and the whole burden fell on Eleanor. Sometimes for days she hardly left the house, and her cherished painting had to be nearly given up.

In those days she found strange rest creeping over her from Dr. Downs's visits and wise, friendly talk. He was not so homely after all, he was far more educated than she had supposed. He was, indeed, the greatest contrast to Ralph Moreton; yet Eleanor felt that she enjoyed his society better than she ever had Mr. Moreton's. She showed him her pictures, and through him sold several, so adding a little to their small income. He gave her word-sketches of the wonderful land he had seen, that made her painting seem faded and mean. She read at Christmas Ralph Moreton's marriage without a pang. She saw Laura come home and arrange her establishment without regard to her mother, without discontent. It was evident that Mrs. Craven could not live long, but, whatever the time, Eleanor was willing to stay with her. All her discontent was gone.

A year from that spring, Eleanor May stood in the little porch with Dr. Downs. She wore a ring, a broad, golden circlet, and one look at her face would have told her happiness.

They were poor. They looked forward to years, not of rest and pleasure together, but of

hard, wearying work. But the path of moonlight over the waves they watched together, seemed to them but a faint image of their happiness. Not then, never in the years of happy, useful life that followed, did Eleanor May regret her choice.

AT FORTY.

BY MRS. E. F. GUIWITS.

HOW has it fared, old friend, since last we met?
It must have been some twenty years ago.
Life's battle on us both its marks has set,
And time begins to tip our beards with snow.

But I have found the world a pleasant place,
And never sigh for an unknown exchange,
I look my trouble squarely in the face,
And when my joy comes do not think it strange.

"Married?" Not yet. I know of whom you think—
The pretty Nelly of our boyish days—
She lives here still—a little faded pink—
With none of her coquettish, girlish ways.

She married Wisewell. You remember him—
A man whose large possessions stood for all—
His culture narrow, his perceptions dim,
And moral feelings few, I think, and small.

Now when I see her carriage passing by,
With liveried servants that upon her wait,
I envy not her lord, and only sigh
In pity for poor Nelly's gilded fate.

I know another who is more to me—
I know it now in my full manhood's prime—
Than Nelly ever was, or e'er could be,
So much our feeling changes with our time.

Mary was schooled in sorrow; she hath known
Bereavement, hardship, poverty, and wrong;
But, having all their bitterness outgrown,
She stands to-day a woman nobly strong.

And Nature, jealous lest she should bestow
On one more gifts than fairly are her part,
Hath taken some from Mary's cheek and brow
To add them to the treasures of her heart.

Here in the middle port of life we stand,
Where all the storms of early passion cease
And hope at last to journey hand in hand
Into the haven of perpetual peace.

An unkind word from one beloved, often
draws the blood from many a heart which
would defy the battle axe of hatred, or the
keenest edge of vindictive satire.

GOOD CONVERSATION.

FROM one of a series of admirable articles in the *Christian Register* on "Good Society," we take the following. The writer is not only a good observer, but a good thinker; and what he has so well said needs to be as widely said as possible. There are few readers of our magazine who will not find both profit and pleasure in its perusal:

To good nature and manners let us add good conversation. What this is not, there is small need to say. It is not gossip, to which we are all more or less given. It is not scandal, into which gossip is so sure to run. It is not slander, which is only scandal in an advanced stage of decomposition. And yet to these three forms of conversation what centuries of time have been devoted since the world began. "There was silence in Heaven" once upon a time, the Scriptures say, "for half an hour." What brilliant flashes of silence there would be upon the earth if gossip, scandal and slander could be omitted from the daily conversation.

"And silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the wounds of sound."

Shall I go further, and taboo with these deformities the talk of people who "enjoy bad health, and have much trouble with their servants?" If these topics cannot be utterly excluded, let them, at least, be reduced to their lowest terms. We naturally desire to know about each other's health in a general way, and if any good can possibly come of talking about "help," by all means, let it come. But spin no yarns. Let the story be told quickly, the advice given briefly, and the subject dismissed. As for the health department, if you are well, circulate the intelligence. The good news will be medicine for other people—better than medicine; it will be sunshine and fresh air. If you are not well, the fact is all-sufficient. We do not want a diagnosis of your case. "If you have not slept," says Emerson, "or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, I beseech you, by all the angels, hold your peace, and not pollute the morning to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts with corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications out of

which all must be presumed to have newly come."

It is a part of good conversation to delight in circulating all good news, and in keeping bad news in abeyance, where it does not particularly concern the person we are talking with. If this is your conviction, good news will come to you by some secret attraction. The lintels of your doors will be marked, so that the plague of bad news will pass you by, and wait upon your neighbors who invite it, just as you repel it, by some secret principle. Therefore, I honor those people who try hard to "keep up appearances"—a class on which a good deal of abuse is heaped unjustly. If it requires close figuring to make the two ends meet, why should we say anything about it? If the wolf is at the door, and other people cannot see him, why should we anoint their eyes with eye-salve, that they may see? Concealment in such cases is dictated not by false pride, but by self-respect, and a care for others' happiness. Let us always put our best foot foremost.

Good conversation is never for show, and never for victory, if which is true there is much conversation that is not good. Especially intolerable are those persons who have a purpose to instruct the world at large while carrying on their private conversation. Not content with being heard, they would be overheard by as many as possible. At public places they "sit apart like gods talking all around Olympus." I dare not say how much instruction, on music, for example, I might have received in this way if I had been more docile. Many a genealogy and family secret might I learn in the same way from these human flowers who don't mean to blush unseen—who never blush. In fact—or waste the sweetness of their conversation on the desert air, if they can help it.

It was the Marchioness of Rambouillet, they say, who first got the horses out of the drawing-rooms and got the scholars in; but sometimes the horses get back—people who mistake the privileges of conversation for a hippodrome, and who neigh and prance and stamp about in a scarcely edifying manner. These are the oracular people, and those who carry a whole armory of *ipse dixit* on their backs. They are the furious talkers.

Certainly there is talk and talk, as they say in France there are deacons and deacons. But

the best talk is not conversation, any more than the best pine-tree is an oak. The two things do not belong to the same species. "Our interview lasted three hours," says Sterling of Coleridge, "during which he talked two hours and three-quarters." Well might Lamb answer Coleridge's question, "Charles, did you ever hear me preach?" "I never heard you do anything else, Sam." And well does Carlyle remark upon him, "To sit as a passive bucket and be pumped into, whether you consent or not, can in the long run be exhilarating to no creature, how eloquent soever the flood of utterance that is descending."

"If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once; but husband it,
And give men turns of speech. Do not forestal
By lavishness thine own and others' wit,
As if thou mad'st thy will. A civil guest
Will no more talk all than eat all the feast."

Good conversation is not monologue, but it might as well be, as that all should talk while one does all the thinking, all the others chiming in with his opinion. Polonius figures in our parlors all too frequently, with his ready assent to almost any proposition; agreeing with anything that Hamlet says, though it be that one and the same object is like a camel, like a weasel, and "very like a whale." Let us have less of this ducking and cringing. Let us stand by our guns, and not spike them at the first hostile demonstration. Let us reverence our own thought, and fearlessly express it. Let us agree to disagree. Any other agreement is disloyal to the truth. Wonderful condescension! You tolerate me so long as I remain your echo. But conversation is an exchange of thoughts and sentiments, and is degraded immeasurably when, like Ananias, we keep back part of the price, which is a thorough-going frankness and sincerity.

Good conversation is a sort of voyage of discovery. It opens up to us new and unheard of countries in the sea of our own thought. Especially do some persons seem to have a happy faculty of drawing good things out of us, and surprising us at our own wisdom. We wish that we might have a private memorandum-book to automatically record these happy utterances. Nothing better comes to us in our dreams, or in those vivid hours of sleeplessness when our minds seem preternaturally active and on the alert.

"The moon never shines so sweetly as on our necessary journey," and conversation never flows so freely as when we have made no special provision for it, laid no trap, and set no

net or trawl to catch its preciousness. We gravitate together, and cannot be dragged together by the ears. Conversation is a relative, not an absolute, gift. The professor cannot talk with the drayman, but let another professor and another drayman come along, and the professors and draymen can pair off, and conversation will be possible. Because you can elicit nothing from A or B, do not conclude that he contains nothing for anybody. Some one else, if not you, may be flint to his steel. Therefore really good conversation and really good society, so far as founded upon it, is a thing of slowest growth. It requires a great deal of picking and sorting. The person supposed to be a great acquisition to your circle turns out to be the veriest blockhead, and no fault of his, either. You were not made for each other. Let him get into his proper place, and see how he will corruscate and scintillate.

The best society does not disdain a certain material basis and vantage ground which is afforded by the grace of hospitality. But there is danger here that the material will swamp the spiritual. It has been justly remarked that the bill of fare has not been preserved to us of either of the three great banquets of antiquity, Xenophon's, or Plato's, or Plutarch's, but only what was said. The viands were of secondary importance. They did not form, as at some modern dining-tables, the main topics of conversation.

The parlor is really a much better point of departure than the dining-room. It allows of greater freedom. You can change your seat if you do not find yourself *en rapport* with your next neighbor. The temptation is removed to talk about the wine, the salad, or the curry. There are better germ-cells than these, the pictures on the walls and in the well-stuffed portfolios, the books upon the shelves, the music graciously furnished, the essay quietly read, the recitation, the dramatic representation.

He who does not know himself, has all his lifetime lived away from home among his neighbors, who have learned him better than he has learned himself. He who knows himself, has lived at home, and knows more of himself than his neighbors know of him.

It is easier to set a man against all the world than to make him fight with himself.

PENCILLED PASSAGES.

FROM "SEABOARD PARISH," BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

OLD AGE.

OLD age is but a mask; let us not call the mask the face. Is the acorn old, because its cup dries and drops from its hold—because its skin has grown brown and cracks in the earth? Then only is a man growing old when he ceases to have sympathy with the young. That is a sign that his heart has begun to wither. And that is a dreadful kind of old age. The heart needs never be old. Indeed, it should always be growing younger. * *

We have yet a work to do, my friends—but a work we shall never do aright after ceasing to understand the new generation. We are not the men, neither shall wisdom die with us. The Lord hath not forsaken his people because the young ones do not think just as the old ones choose. The Lord has something fresh to tell them, and is getting them ready to receive his message. When we are out of sympathy with the young, then I think our work in the world is over.

THE WORK AND DUTY OF TO-DAY.

"You often say, papa, that half the misery in this world comes from idleness, and that you do not believe that in a world where God is at work every day, Sundays not excepted—it could have been intended that women, any more than men, should have nothing to do. Now, what am I to do? What have I been sent into the world for? I don't see it; and I feel very useless and wrong sometimes."

"I do not think there is much to complain of you in that respect, Connie. You, and your sister as well, help me very much in my parish. You take much off your mother's hands, too. And you do a great deal for the poor. You teach your younger brothers and sisters, and meantime you are learning yourselves."

"Yes, but that's not work."

"It is work. And it is the work that is given you to do at present. And you would do it much better if you were to look at it in that light. Not that I have anything to complain of."

"But I don't want to stop at home and lead an easy, comfortable life, when there are so many to help everywhere in the world."

"Is there anything better in doing something

where God has not placed you, than in doing it where he has placed you."

"No, papa. But my sisters are quite enough for all you have for us to do at home. Is nobody ever to go away to find the work meant for her? You won't think, dear papa, that I want to get away from home, will you?"

"No, dear. I believe that you are really thinking about duty. Whatever God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything he gives you to do, you must do as well as ever you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what he may want you to do next. If people would but do what they have to do, they would always find themselves ready for what was next. And I do not believe that those who follow this rule are ever left floundering on the sea-deserted sands of inaction, unable to find water enough to swim in."

THE SECOND COMING.

"But here comes your mamma; and I haven't said what I wanted to say yet."

"But, surely, husband, you can say it all the same," said my wife. "I will go away, if you can't."

"I can say it all the better, my love. Come and sit down here beside me. I was trying to show Connie—"

"You did show me, papa."

"Well, I was showing Connie that a gift has sometimes to be taken away again before we can know what it is worth, and so receive it right."

Ethelwyn sighed. She was always more open to the mournful than the glad. Her heart had been dreadfully wrung in her youth.

"And I was going on to give her the greatest instance of it in human history. As long as our Lord was with His disciples, they could not see Him right—He was too near them. Too much light, too many words, too much revelation, blinds or stupefies. The Lord had been with them long enough. They loved Him dearly, and yet often forgot His words almost as soon as He had said them. He could not get into them, for instance, that He had not come to be a king. Whatever He said, they shaped it over again after their own fancy; and their minds were so full of their own

worldly notions of grandeur and command, that they could not receive into their souls the gift of God present before their eyes. Therefore He was taken away, that His spirit, which was more Himself than His bodily presence, might come into them—that they might receive the gift of God into their innermost being. After He had gone out of their sight, and they might look all around and down in the grave and up in the air, and not see Him anywhere—when they thought they had lost Him, He began to come to them again from the other side—from the inside. They found that the image of Him which His presence with them had printed in light upon their souls, began to revive in the dark of His absence; and not that only, but that in looking at it without the overwhelming of His bodily presence, lives and forms and meanings began to dawn out of it which they had never seen before. And His words came back to them, no longer as they had received them, but as He meant them. The Spirit of Christ, filling their hearts and giving them a new power, made them remember, by making them able to understand, all that He had said to them. They were then always saying to each other, 'you remember how;' whereas, before, they had been always staring at each other with astonishment and something very near incredulity, while He spoke to them. So that after He had gone away, He was really nearer to them than He had been before. The meaning of anything is more than its visible presence. There is a soul in everything, and that soul is the meaning of it. The soul of the world and all its beauty has come nearer to you, my dear, just because you are separated from it for a time."

"Thank you, dear papa. I do so like to get a little sermon all to myself now and then. That is another good of being ill. * * * But I want to ask you one question, papa: do you think that we should not know Jesus better now if He were to come and let us see Him—as He came to His disciples so long, long ago? I wish it were not so long ago."

"As to the time, it makes no difference whether it was last year or two thousand years ago. The whole question is, how much we understand, and understanding, obey Him. And I do not think we should be any nearer that if He came amongst us bodily again. If we should, He would come. I believe we should be farther off."

"Do you think, then," said Connie, in an almost despairing tone, as if I were the prophet

of great evil, "that we shall never, never, never see Him?"

"That is quite another thing, my Connie. That is the heart of my hopes by day and my dreams by night. To behold the face of Jesus seems to me the one thing to be desired. I do not know that it is to be prayed for; but I think it will be given us as the great bounty of God, so soon as ever we are capable of it. The sight of the face of Jesus is, I think, what is meant by His glorious appearing, but it will come as a consequence of His spirit in us, not as a cause of that spirit in us. The pure in heart shall see God. The seeing of Him will be the sign that we are like Him, for only by being like Him can we see Him as He is. All the time that He was with them, the disciples never saw Him as He was. You must understand a man before you can see and read his face aright; and as the disciples did not understand our Lord's heart, they could neither see nor read his face aright."

"Then do you think, papa, that we, who have never seen Him, could know Him better than the disciples? I don't mean, of course, better than they knew Him after He was taken away from them, but better than they knew Him while He was still with them?"

"Certainly I do, my dear."

"Oh, papa! Is it possible! Why don't we all then?"

"Because we don't take the trouble; that is the reason."

"Oh, what a grand thing to think! That would be worth living—worth being ill for. But how? how? Can't you help me? Mayn't one human being help another?"

"It is the highest duty one human being owes to another. But whoever wants to learn must pray and think, and, above all, obey—that is, simply do what Jesus says."

There followed a little silence, and I could hear my child sobbing. And the tears stood in my wife's eyes—tears of gladness to hear her daughter's sobs.

SERVICE.

"But just think: the child is about three months old."

"Well, Connie will be none the worse that she is being trained for her. I don't say that she is to commence her duties at once."

"But Connie may be at the head of her own house long before that."

"The training won't be lost to the child, though. But I much fear, my love, that Connie will never be herself again. There is

no sign of it. And Turner does not give much hope."

"Oh, Harry, Harry, don't say so! I can't bear it. To think of the darling child lying like that all her life!"

"It is sad, indeed; but no such awful misfortune surely, Ethel. Haven't you seen, as well as I, that the growth of the child's nature since her accident has been marvelous? Ten times rather would I have her lying there such as she is, than have her well and strong and silly, with her bonnets inside as well as outside of her head."

"Yes, but she needn't have been like that. Wynn timer never will."

"Well, but God does things not only well, but best, absolutely best. But just think what it would be in any circumstances to have a maid that had begun to wait upon her from the first days that she was able to toddle after something to fetch it for her."

"Wont it be like making a slave of her?"

"Wont it be like giving her a divine freedom from the first? The lack of service is the ruin of humanity."

"But we can't train her then like one of our own."

"Why not? Could we not give her all the love and all the teaching?"

"Because it would not be fair to give her the education of a lady, and then make a servant of her."

"You forget that the service would be a part of her training from the first, and she would know no change of position in it. When we tell her that she was found in the shrubbery, we will add, that we think God sent her to take care of Constance. I do not believe myself that you can have perfect service except from a perfect lady. Do not forget the true notion of service as the essence of Christianity, yes, of divinity. It is not education that unfits for service; it is the want of it."

"Well, I know that the reading girls I have had, have, as a rule, served me worse than the rest."

"Would you have called one of those girls educated? Or even if they had been educated, as any of them might well have been, better than nine tenths of the girls that go to boarding-schools, you must remember that they had never been taught service—the highest accomplishment of all. To that everything aids, when any true feeling of it is there. But for service of this high sort, the education must begin with the beginning of the dawn of the will. How often have you wished that you

had servants who would believe in you, and serve you with the same truth with which you regard them! The servants born in a man's house in the old times were more like his children than his servants. Here is a chance for you, as it were of a servant born in your own house. Connie loves the child; the child will love Connie, and find her delight in serving her like a little cherub. Not one of the maids to whom you have referred had even been taught to think service other than an unavoidable necessity, the end of life being to serve yourself, not to serve others; and hence most of them would escape from it by any marriage almost that they had a chance of making. I don't say all servants are like that; but I do think that most of them are. I know very well that most mistresses are as much to blame for this result as the servants are; but we are not talking about them. Servants now-a-days despise work, and yet are forced to do it—a most degrading condition to be in. But they would not be in any better condition if delivered from work. The lady who despises work is in as bad a condition as they are. The only way to get them free is to get them to regard service not only as their duty, but as therefore honorable, and besides and beyond this in its own nature divine. In America, the very name of servant is repudiated as inconsistent with human dignity. There is no dignity but of service.

"How different the whole notion of training is now from what it was in the middle ages! Service was honorable then. No doubt we have made progress as a whole, but in some things we have degenerated sadly. The first thing taught then was how to serve. No man could rise to the honor of knighthood without service. A nobleman's son even had to wait on his father, or to go into the family of another nobleman and wait upon him as a page, standing behind his chair at dinner. This was an honor. No notion of degradation was in it. It was a necessary step to higher honor. And what was the next higher honor? To be free from service? No. To serve in the harder service of the field; to be a squire to some noble knight; to tend his horse, to clean his armor, to see that every rivet was sound, every buckle true, every strap strong; to ride behind him and carry his spear, and if more than one attacked him to rush to his aid. This service was the more honorable because it was harder, and was the next step to higher honors yet. And what was this higher honor? That of knighthood. Wherein did this knighthood

consist? The very word means simply *service*. And for what was the knight thus waited upon by his squire? That he might be free to do as he pleased? No, but that he might be free to be the servant of all. By being a squire first, the servant of one, he learned to rise to the higher rank, that of the servant of all. His horse was tended, his armor observed, his sword and spear and shield held to his hand, that he might have no trouble looking after himself, but might be free, strong, unwearied, to shoot like an arrow to the rescue of any and every one who needed his steady aid. There

was a grand heart of Christianity in that old chivalry, notwithstanding all its abuses, which must be no more laid to its charge than the burning of Jews and heretics to Christianity. It was the lack of it, not the presence of it, that occasioned the abuses that co-existed with it. Train our Theodora as a holy child-servant, and there will be no need to restrain any impulse of wise affection from pouring itself forth upon her. My firm belief is, that we should then love and honor her far more than if we made her just like one of our own."

PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY H. M. T. C.

"STRANGER here, miss? No? An old residenter! Beg pardon, a young residenter?"

If you please, stranger, yes. Old residenter? Yes! I am not offended at the word old, for I think I was old when I was born.

"So you know the people around here, then?"

Not much, sir. I see them; I mingle with them; but, really, who can say that he knows people? We do not very well know ourselves. It's only a photograph that we get of our best friends. Their heart-beats we never really hear or understand. The doctor comes to the sick man, and counts his pulse and looks at his tongue and diagnoses fever; but he doesn't know that the fever is the result of balked ambition, of overtaken avarice, or unrequited affection. This one name covers all—*fever!*

"No matter for this theorizing. We all know that the world's a stage, and we are puppets. All I ask is, the part these puppets of time are playing, and how they have borne themselves for some time past. Come, if you please, that house yonder on the hill, who may be its inhabitants?"

The reason for your curiosity, if you please, before I attempt to gratify it?"

"To tell you the truth, it seemed to me that it was a dull sort of place, wanting in romance—indeed, terribly stupid; and so, to satisfy myself, I thought I would ask the histories of the people, so far as they may be publicly known. You see, I am too good a man to wish to unveil the secrets of my neighbors. I only ask what is given to the public."

Your net is well laid, but the snare is vainly

spread in sight of any bird. The simple history of any neighborhood, with its comedies and tragedies, would not be credited even by the parties that enact them. They go on before our eyes, and we do not see them. People change and change, and it is so gradual that we do not see it till a brief absence put us in a different attitude to observe, or our friends to be seen. Then, for instance, we see that one has grown purer and stronger, or has fallen from innocence to vice. Last Sabbath I looked into a woman's face, that I had long known as the true exponent of a correct life, but fretted and worn by much care. Now it was glorified. She had already entered into rest, and could utter that sublime prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

I heard her speak of her husband as one who was daily growing strong in goodness, and as having no concealed faults. I knew that this victory had not been easily won, but it was glorious.

As I was meditating on these things the next day, I sauntered into a store to purchase some trifling article. The salesroom was deserted, and so I moved some little article to announce my presence. As the merchant came forward I noticed that he was not the same man that I had known a few years ago. True, he bore the same name; he had the same store—he was identified as the same individual. But, five years ago his face expressed family devotion, purity of life, contained appetites. Now he was bloated and red, as though full of the fumes of lager beer; his step was changed, his eyes had such a different expression, that you saw that the soul had been completely meta-

morphosed. He was the same, and not the same. Had he resisted temptation, and added virtue to innocence, his face would have been radiant as the morning. Now it was dull, giving forth gloomy lights—that like the red lights of a railroad train seen in a murky night, warning you not to follow too closely. You know that it takes only a little change of primary elements to convert a most innocent gas into a deadly poison!

But it's the inmates of the house on the hill you are envious about? Well, you shall see them as I do. They lived in a small cottage below while their splendid mansion was building. They were kind to the poor neighbors, civil to their compeers, and unaffected in all their methods of thought and action. If I were hungry, I would confidently go to them. If I was in trouble, I should not turn away without a word of comfort.

When they moved to the mansion on the hill, some people thought their old familiar ways would be left at the cottage; but, would you believe it, they actually moved themselves, with all their old traits along with them. "Rich?" Yes—especially rich in kindly sympathy and ready good-will, accompanied by deeds of true charity.

Good-morning, sir, I see your train is at hand—but when you get rich, remember the house on the hill.

THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE.

THE wind was blowing up from the west,
On the eve of a stormy day,
And she saw the ship that she loved the best
Veering across the bay.
The sails were ragged, and old, and worn,
And they flapped to and fro in the blast,
Like the wings of a spent and wounded bird
When the foot of the hunter hath passed.
And it's, O ship! brave ship! safe may your voyage be;
And it's oh! for the dawn of to-morrow's morn!
And it's oh! for rippling sea!

The wind had sobbed itself to rest,
Like a weary, wayward child;
And she lay with her babe asleep on her breast,
And dreamed of the ship, and smiled.
She smiled as she thought, in her happy sleep,
That the long, long parting was o'er;
But she did not hear how the storm awoke,
And the breakers dashed on the shore.
And it's, O ship! brave ship! she could not sleep,
If she
Had dreamt of the crash, and had seen the flash
Which lighted the boiling sea.

She did not wake, though the wind was high,
But turned in her dream with a start,
And her sleeping lips framed the well-known cry,
Which dropped from the full, full heart,
As water falls from a shaken cup,
Suddenly over the brim:
"Lord, keep my captain safe to-night,
And all at sea with him;"
And it's, O ship! brave ship! but where will your captain be?
And it's oh! it was well there was none to tell—it was well there was none to see!

They are striving now to reach the shore,
The captain and all his men;
And still that fond prayer is murmured o'er
Again, and again, and again.
The waves are high, the rocks are hid,
And none can see the land;
But the captain stands himself at the helm,
And steers with a steady hand.
And it's, O ship! brave ship! and how can it ever be,
That you clear the rocks and weather the shoeks
Of that tearing, roaring sea?

The night is dark, the storm is high,
But the ship lies safe in the creek,
And the captain stands with a light in his eye,
And a flush in his sun-browned cheek.
And the captain's wife sleeps sound and still,
Through the wild and angry blast,
For the morn shall rise on a peaceful bay,
And her captain home at last.
And it's, O ship! brave ship! brave and strong you may be,
But was it your strength that saved you at length
From the might of the cruel sea?

A TRUE MAN.

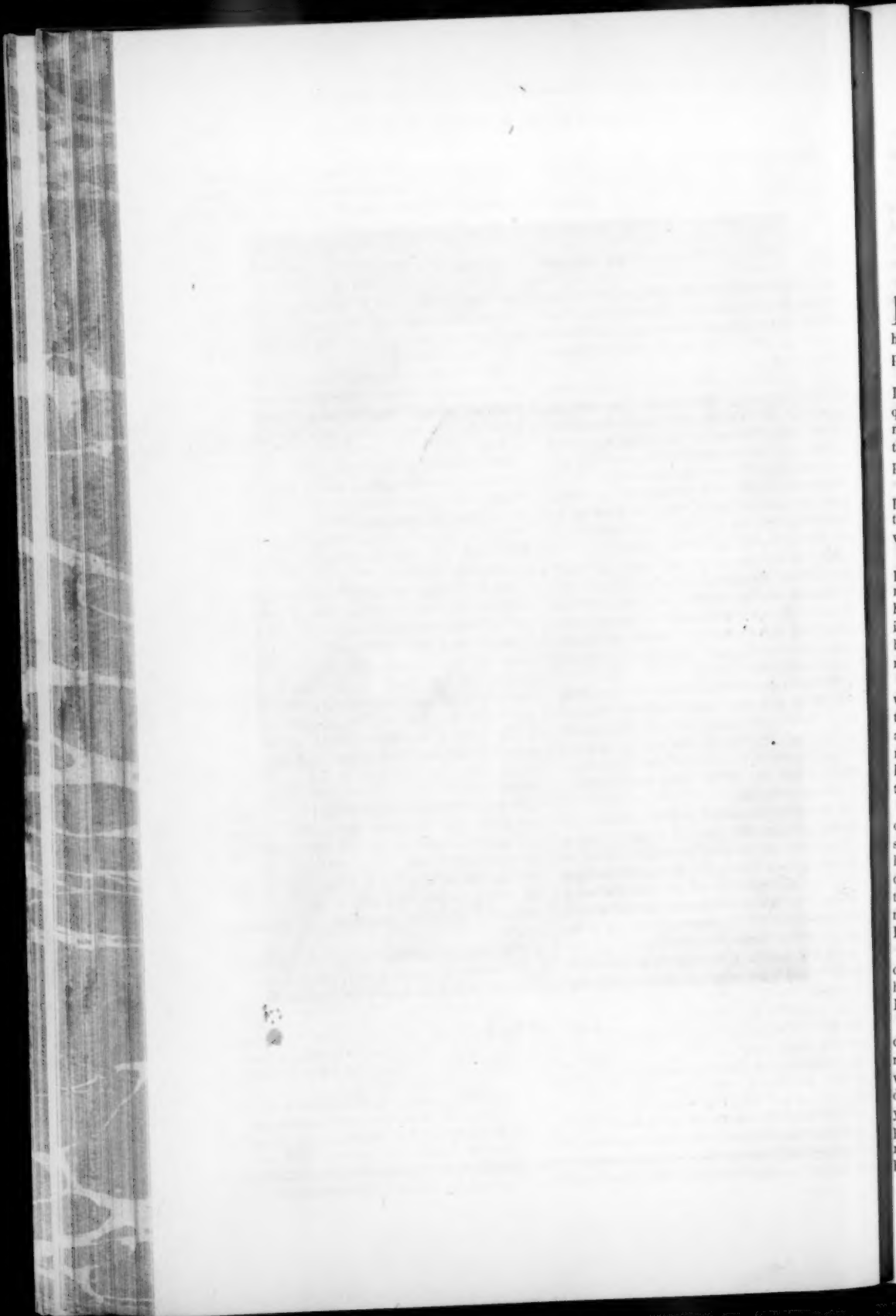
BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SUCH was our friend. Formed on the good old plan—
A true, and brave, and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace.
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still!
And while "Lord! Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good;
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we knew his worth,
And felt how true a man had walked with us on earth.

THE haunts of happiness are varied and rather unaccountable; but you will oftener see her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else.



THE CAPTAIN.



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SIX IN ALL.

A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIX.

DURING his last stay at Thornley, Joe Dayton had frequent conferences at the "stone house," in which the whole Forsyth family participated.

The subject-matter under discussion was Darley Hanes and his future; one that required to be handled very gingerly and was not so easily disposed of as might appear on the surface; Joe managed to impress this fact pretty thoroughly upon his audience.

Forsyth could have solved the problem promptly, and was more than ready to do it, too, by dashing his name across a check, with very liberal figures above the signature.

But Joe was jealous for the honor and independence of his friend. Darley Hanes had not fought out so bravely that long battle of his boyhood not to preserve his honest pride intact; he should not be coaxed and brow-beaten into a position of dependence; Joe was resolved on that.

No doubt Forsyth was hardly in sympathy with these scruples, very likely he thought them, in his own mind, a little "squeamish and highfalutin," but in the end he did not respect Darley less, and it did the rich man no harm to learn that all his money could not buy the young workman.

In accepting Ramsey's gift the case was, of course, entirely different. Joe never had a scruple then, but another mountain was to be levelled before Darley's highway to college could be made straight, and he had indicated this when he made his grand concession that morning to Joe: "If it were not for the girls, I would accept Ramsey's offer."

Here was the point, you see, where Forsyth's checks would have come in so pat, carrying his sisters smoothly over the years in which Darley would be an under-graduate.

In the midst of these conferences Joe received a letter from a friend of his, an American merchant at Calcutta, asking him if it would be possible to secure board for his children, a boy and girl, the eldest not yet four years old, and their nurse, in the States. The physicians had insisted upon the immediate removal of the children from a climate which had already cost the mother her life. Business

imperatively demanded the father's presence in the Indian house at this juncture, the children would, however, make the passage in the care of their friends.

The American merchant had great faith in Joe's sagacity. If the commission was a singular one for a young man to execute—he knew Joe Dayton; there was no need of apologies.

Did the young man know of some quiet, pleasant home atmosphere about Thornley in which the little orphan children could be placed and tenderly cared for?

In case he did, they would be immediately forwarded, and the compensation for their board would be liberal.

Joe considered for about two minutes after reading this Calcutta letter. Then it flashed across him so suddenly that with one leap he bounded from his chair and was half way across the room, shouting to himself, "We've piloted you into port, Darley, dear!" which was only a nautical metaphor for "We've got you inside the halls of old Harvard."

The more Joe considered the matter the more he saw how all the pieces fitted into each other, like bits of Mosaic in the hands of a master.

Prudy's "taking boarders" had resolved itself into a very practical matter after all, and, during term time, the girls would not be left alone in their home.

That very evening Joe laid the matter before the young people. As soon as the girls comprehended his plan they went into raptures over it.

"Oh, Darley, darling, it is just Aladdin's lamp over again," said Prudy, and she looked at Joe as though he were a real necromancer.

"And how very nice 'our brother at Cambridge' would sound, if we only had somebody but old Betty to say it to, who would think it all a great piece of extravagant moonshine," laughed and sparkled Cherry.

As for Darley, that unconscionable youth's behavior at this crisis was very ambiguous. "He," to quote Joe, "skirted about the matter with his wet blanket all ready to dash on," and seemed very suspicious that Joe and the girls had entered into a conspiracy against his

liberties. But at last the popular sentiment prevailed; Darley yielded, and gave himself up to the delight of feeling that he was actually to enter college; and what that delight was—perhaps you could tell if you had been news-boy and digger, and thirsted for your own place and work as he had.

Joe answered his friend's letter by return mail, so the matter was settled. Settled even before the Forsyths knew a word about it. Joe, with a little secret chuckle of triumph, took the tidings over to them. If they had any objections, it was too late to raise them; and they had learned by this time that these young people had an astonishing way of thinking and deciding for themselves.

I may as well say here that Joe's favorites in the Forsyth family were decidedly Ramsey and Cressy. He good-naturedly tried to swallow the younger brother's airs and small conceits, seeing there was something behind them, and he made the very best of Forsyth for his elder boy's sake. But he said to Darley one day when they were talking them over: "I can't tell, of course, what Ramsey was before the trouble came on, what he would have been now without it, but he is the best masculine stuff there at present. As for his sister, nothing could have spoiled her, cut out on a grand pattern from the beginning. You know what these true women are."

"I should think I ought to," said Darley; "I've been living with two of them all my life."

Then he remembered how, years ago, he had made a speech much of this sort, but with a very different significance, to his sisters, as they sat around the fire talking of Joe Dayton.

This talk was the last the two friends had together before Joe left Thornley. Everything was arranged by this time. Darley, with his studying and writing for Joe, would be busy enough this summer, and by the time he entered college in the fall the little East Indians would have arrived.

Ramsey and Darley would not be separated, as the latter was to spend a couple of years at Cambridge studying the Natural Sciences, before he entered into any active business.

Proctor had first suggested this, and his father and Cressy entered so eagerly into the matter that Ramsey was fairly forced into complying. A desire that the elder son of the family should enjoy a part of the advantages heaped so broadcast upon the younger, was the secret motive of this eagerness on the part of Cressy and her father.

Ramsey understood it perfectly, and set himself to studying with Proctor.

In the "lean-to" somebody else was studying, too, through the long, pleasant days of this summer, with such a passion of energy and hope as he had never studied before, allowing himself but a solitary pastime, and that was with the one present which Darley had condescended to receive from Forsyth—a pony, a splendid creature, slender, deep-chested, with tapering neck and shining mane, herself a glossy chestnut.

Darley had a passion for a horse; he had managed occasionally to mount one in his boyhood, "lineal descendants," he laughingly assured Ramsey, "of that famous steed whereon Petruchio rode when he set out to marry Kate."

Darley must have been a natural horseman, for with a few trials he sat "Chestnut" magnificently. The beautiful, high-blooded quadruped was gentle, yet fleet as the winds, and in the dewy mornings, or the brown coolness of the twilights, she and her young rider would go sweeping off among the old country roads and highways about Thornley, a wild, fierce joy, such as the Arab and his steed feel sweeping the wide, gray plains.

Very frequently, too, there was a triumvirate of riders, the young Forsyths accompanying Darley, the colt being, of course, kept in their father's stables; and she actually divided her young master's affections with his books.

Darley was growing handsome, his sisters said—a compliment which the youth treated with proper masculine contempt; but he did not wear again that old parti-colored suit which made him look so much like a king's jester, stepped out of some court scene three hundred years ago.

So the summer went by; such a wonderful summer to the people of the "lean-to," that I am constantly tempted to drift off the main current of my story and loiter in some golden side channel of these days, only when the sea calls to the river it cannot stay amid cool, embracing shadows, and busy nooks of greenery haunted by blossoms and butterflies.

And the girls at last began to grow impatient for the advent of the little East Indians coming from that mysterious country over the seas; and the time drew near for Darley to go to college. Ramsey was to follow his friend in a couple of weeks, and at the very last Joe Dayton ran up from New York for a day or two to have "one more lark with Darley," and drink in Squire Butterfield's old cut-glass heirloom

of a goblet a draught of spring-water, and "success to our Sophomore."

One thing happened on this visit of which Darley knew nothing. It was the day that Joe was to leave, and he had just come in from the hotel where he still insisted on taking his lodgings.

Prudy came into the room to receive him, her brother being out on some errand. She looked wonderfully pretty that morning in her pink gingham dress, and there was a little extra pink flush in her cheeks as she greeted her guest.

Then, without stopping a moment, and with a breathless kind of shyness, she handed him a little parcel, very carefully wrapped up in tissue paper.

"Mr. Joe," she said, in a kind of hurry to get the words out, "here is something I have been making for you. Wont you please take it? It is in remembrance of a great good you once did to me."

Joe took the white, soft package in his hand, surprised and pleased.

"Thank you, Miss Prudy. I haven't the faintest notion of what you can mean, but my curiosity is enormous. May I take a peep inside?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," faltered Prudy.

Joe very carefully removed the paper. They were just the prettiest pair of embroidered slippers you ever saw, a kind of heaped-up, dark-purplish wave about a small central vine of green, with little silver, star-like blossoms. I despair of doing justice to the pattern.

"Oh, Miss Prudy, they are just beautiful! How can I thank you?"

"How can I thank you, Mr. Joe?"

"For what in the world?" looking at her with those great sea-like eyes full of perplexity.

Prudy's answer came out in a kind of jumble, her eagerness jostling the sentences against each other, the pink in her cheeks getting several shades deeper than her dress.

"For the things you sent me when I had that dreadful fever, and the old shoes you wore to get them."

"Who told you?" cried Joe, almost fiercely, turning scarlet to his ears.

"Darley did. I made up my mind when I heard it that you should have a pair like these some time worked with my own fingers."

"Miss Prudy, shall I go straight out and decapitate that piping rascal?"

Prudy's sweet, breezy laugh rippled out now.

"Don't be angry with the poor fellow, Mr. Joe.

It came out long, long ago, when you first went to sea, and we sat by the fire one dismal night."

"But it was so little that I did, Miss Prudy; not worth speaking of."

"It was a grand, noble, generous deed, and it saved my life, dear Mr. Joe!"

As she spoke these words, her face fired with honest gratitude and enthusiasm. The young man looked at the girl standing there in her youth and sweetness; and in a moment there surged over his soul a delicious joy, a mighty longing to take her and fold her in a long silence to his deep-throbbing heart.

He could not have done that to save his life. He had never felt like this toward woman before; but by some divine instinct he knew what the rapture meant—he knew that he loved the sister of Darley Hanes.

"Miss Prudy, I thank you."

He stopped right there. What frightened words clamored against his throat and choked him! He looked at her, and his eyes shone in their great ocean-like depths.

But poor Prudy stood appalled; her face was scarlet. Just then there was a noise at the door. She had barely time to whisk softly out at another when Darley came in.

An hour afterward, Cherry, going up stairs suddenly, found her sister sitting by the window, with two little tell-tale drops on her lashes, which she had not time to hide.

"Oh, Prue, what has happened?" a good deal startled.

Prudy shot the tears off angrily with her forefinger.

"Enough to make me miserable, Cherry," she said, solemnly.

Cherry planked herself in an old patch-covered chair with a dreadfully troubled face.

"Whatever it is, you will let me know the worst?" she said, anxiously.

Prudy was in a mood that required sympathy; yet she could not make up her mind to go straight to the truth, and, woman-fashion, skirted around it.

"It was between Mr. Joe and me."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" answered Cherry, with a visible lightning of voice and face.

"I said something very improper to him," continued Prudy, with melancholy impressiveness.

"You did!" Cherry's bright eyes opened wide at her sister, as though to conceive of her doing this were a simple impossibility.

"I did. It was when I gave him the slip-

pers. I called him, by the purest, most unhappy mistake, of course, 'dear Mr. Joe!'"

Cherry tried to look grave a moment, but the next her vivid sense of fun overcame her. She burst into a succession of the merriest laughs, and did not stop until she had just breath left to gasp out: "Dear Prue, do forgive me, but it was so funny."

Prudy looked injured. "You may laugh, Cherry, but it was an awful thing to call a young man 'dear.'"

"Perhaps he did not hear," added Cherry, consolingly.

"I don't see how he could help it."

"But how in the world came such a thing to happen, Prue? It isn't your way, you know."

"I should hope not!" And then Prudy went over the story of the slippers. She was a sensible girl. By the time she was half through, her trouble had greatly lightened, and when Cherry sympathetically assured her sister that, after all, worse troubles had happened to them, and they had lived through all, Prudy concluded to make the best of it.

As for Joe, he would have considered it sacrilegious to put those slippers on his feet, but he saw them every day, for all that.

In less than a week afterward Darley went to college, and the day following the little East Indians arrived—a couple of small, brown, sea-wilted diminutives, with their kind-hearted, motherly-faced English nurse. The girls took the children to their home and hearts at once.

CHAPTER XX.

Two years and a half have been turning Darley Hanes from a sophomore into a senior. A great many things have happened these years; but then, for that matter, there always do every year.

Especially had they done a great deal for Darley. His career at college had been all that the most sanguine of his friends could have anticipated.

Study came easy to him, and he went into it with a passion of enthusiasm, taking high rank in his classes, and devoting himself principally to languages and literature after his own kind; but a college career is, after all, a very small test of manhood.

At home, in that southwestern corner of Massachusetts, below the Berkshire Hills—I believe I have never told you where Thornley was before, but it is out now—all went swimmingly.

Of course, they missed Darley unutterably

at the "lean-to," but then there was the delight of his vacations to look forward to.

The little East Indian exotics were flourishing finely in the New England atmosphere, and managed to absorb a great deal of time and affection; while their English nurse, a woman of the remarkable domestic faculty which belongs to her class, relieved the young mistresses of the "lean-to" of many household burdens which lay heavy on their slender shoulders.

They have had some glimpses of the great world, too. They have been to Boston, and seen the Common and the Public Garden, and classic old Cambridge, with its ancient college buildings and its beautiful library; and then they have been to Nahant, and seen the most wonderful thing of all, the most wonderful thing, indeed, that lies under God's heaven—the ocean!

Joe, too, has a plan all cut and dried for Darley's next vacation. They are to go to New York with their brother, and stop at the Fifth Avenue and see Central Park and the Picture Galleries, and sail up the Hudson; Joe is making money these days. At the "lean-to" the old fight for bread and butter is over now. The pay which they receive for their small "boarders" fairly covers the moderate household expenses, and the girls have a native faculty for getting up pretty, becoming toilets on small margins.

A very pleasant intimacy is maintained between the "lean-to" and the house on the hill.

When the young gentlemen are at home they pay Darley's sisters a great deal of attention, taking them to drive and to sail, and they all have glorious times together. Cressy, too, is very fond of the girls, and is always asking them over to the house, where her father likes to see them.

Cherry is a great pet with him, too, because she has her mother's face.

The elder Forsyth is getting gray and stiff with rheumatism on the outside, but the man himself is quite a different man from the one you saw at the beginning of the story.

"Papa," Cressy says, sometimes, in her old abrupt fashion, "I can't understand it."

"What, my dear?"

"How those two girls, over there at the 'lean-to,' are what they are. I mean, where they get their fine, delicate breeding, their graceful tact. When it comes to the world, I, of course, have seen more than they have, and can cackle, more or less, all the continental languages; but, with all my grand 'opportuni-

ties," all my teachers and travel, those two girls, brought up in that dry, old hulk of a 'lean-to,' are in all essentials of mind and manner fully my equals. Their intelligence and ladyhood always impresses me with a fresh wonder. What does it mean?"

"It means there's something in blood, after all!" said Forsyth.

Once he would not have made that concession.

To come back to Darley. He had entered college with all the high hopes and enthusiasms of youth, strong in faith in himself and his future. He had worked hard, and he had won honors—he had fed his soul with the majestic poetry of the ancient masters. The New England newsboy had drank at their native fountains, of the sweetness of the old Attic numbers: Homer and Ovid, and Plato and Eachylus had by turns fired and possessed his whole being with their majesty and beauty; he knew the rapturous joy of study, the delight of expanding faculties, but, as he drew near the close of his course an inexplicable change came over him. The great questions of life pressed upon his soul now as they had long ago in his boyhood, only heavier and darker, and this time it was not merely that one of "daily bread," which meets most young men on the threshold of life, as they pass out of their Alma Mater.

Darley had felt a little while ago such a grand stirring of possibilities; life had stood before him so rich, and large, and beautiful, and now it did not seem worth the living. He wondered what he was here for—what anybody was! The world with all its vast weight of sorrow and sin, seemed as dark and miserable to him as it did to those old Greeks and Romans, who in such numbers rushed, with the pathetic calmness of despair, into suicide.

Darley's imagination, his hope, his sense of power were at their lowest ebb. He felt utterly barren and worthless. He was always subject to vicissitudes of moods, to the hypochondria which, perhaps, is always the penalty of a sensitive organization.

But, as I want you to get as vivid an idea as possible of what the real Darley Hanes was at this time, I shall let him speak for himself.

It was nearly midnight, and Joe Dayton in his room at New York, after an evening at the opera, was about retiring. He sat on the edge of his bed, with one foot in his hand, when there came a sudden knock at the door, and with the answer, Darley Hanes entered the room.

His face was gray, his eyes had a wild,

hunted look, which, together with his appearance at that hour, greatly startled Joe, who fancied his friend soundly asleep in his dormitory at Cambridge.

"Why, Darley, what is the matter?" he cried, springing to his feet.

Darley came up and stood before Joe, with that pallid face. He has grown inches and has a brown beard, and he shows the touches of these years in added manliness of features and bearing, only to-night you would not think of these things, you would only think of that gray face and of the anguish in those bright, dry eyes.

"What does He mean, Joe, what does He mean?"

He asks this question slowly, and as though he dragged it out with a great travail from some deep of his soul.

"Who, Darley?" Any other man than Joe would have been greatly alarmed, and he was dreadfully anxious.

"God!"

That was better than if Darley had spoken any human name. Joe, knowing his friend so well, began to suspect where the trouble lay.

"I don't understand you, Darley, only I am sure of this, whatever God means, it must be good."

"If I could only *know* that, Joe, I would gladly die the next minute. But I am *not* certain; I doubt it!"

And what "honest doubt," it was, what wrench of heart and soul it cost him, the unutterable anguish of the eyes that gazed at Joe Dayton told beyond the power of words.

Then he sank down in a chair. "I am in the dark, Joe, in the thick darkness, and there is no light."

If you had heard the dreadful pathos of his voice you would have known a little what his speech meant.

Joe looked at his friend with an unutterable pity in his gaze. "It must be terrible, Darley, and yet, I think the finest, most exalted souls have walked sometime through just such dark and come out at last into the light!"

"What light?"

"God's own light, unchangeable, eternal," answered Joe softly and solemnly, like one who has found it for himself.

But he was not going to "preach" to his friend. He knew very well that any cant, any stock religious talk would only add disgust to Darley's misery.

He was silent a moment after Joe's speech. Perhaps he pondered it. Then in his restless-

ness he sprang up again and came and stood before his friend, going back to the old question: "If I could only know what He meant with this world of His; how being the good and tender God they tell us He is, He can justify its creation to Himself! how can He sit up there in the calm and glory and hear the awful wail of this world's sin and misery, so many thousands of years old, and not come, armed with His Godlike power, to its succor! Think of all this broadcast wretchedness—you've seen a great deal of this world, and you know what it is, Joe, and that the majority of men and women come into the world to find more or less disappointment, failure, wretchedness all the way through it; think of all the anguish and grief on which these midnight stars are shining—why it is enough to drive a man mad to think of it!"

It would do that in a little while to this finely organized, impressive Darley. You saw that by the glitter in his eyes.

"Yes, it is Darley," answered Joe, in his calm, reasonable way. "If this world were the end, I cannot see how a Creator, all-wise and all-loving, could justify its creation to Himself. I think it would be a stupendous failure, a remorseless irony."

"It isn't for myself I care a sixpence," continued Darley, pacing up and down the room. "I'm not such a selfish poltroon as that. I've had my struggles and my sorrows; but what am I but a drop in the great roll of the ocean? It is this long agony of my kind that crushes me. Its echo is in my ears and in my soul. I cannot get away from it. It haunts and tortures me. I can't study; I can't think—I can only hear that blind struggling cry of the human: I shall die if I cannot get rid of it. I went down to the sea, hoping to find some help there, and stood on the shore when the vast tides came tumbling in and shook out their great white manes of surf upon the sand. All the mighty joy of that old sounding sea-anthem, when I first heard it, was drowned now in that other cry of a world's great anguish. And so, at last, because I knew you could help me, if anybody could—because you were the best man I knew in all the world, got leave of absence and came down to you, Joe."

"Dear Darley!" said Joe, and he went up and put his arms around his friend. There were tears in his eyes—the human tenderness was something then to Darley. In a little while Joe spoke. "You believe, Darley, that if it were in my power, I would make every soul in the world good and blessed this night?"

"I haven't one doubt of it. I know it, Joe."

"And can you believe that God could create anything better, finer, tenderer than himself; that any yearning and aspiration of beings he has made could outmeasure His—the Maker?"

Perhaps a little light came into Darley's "dark" with that question.

At least, he pondered it a moment. Then he looked up. "But, Joe, for all that, there are the sin and the misery. We would end that if we could."

"I know that; and God, sitting calmly above it all, surveying it all, *feeling* it all, else we do not want Him for our God, knows how very short the longest anguish of any human life is—a few decades, at most, slipping softly into one another, and then all the lament stilled in the tender 'Hush' of the Death He will send.

"And then, if He sees with clear, infinite vision,

"That somehow Good
Shall be the final goal of Ill,"

a higher, larger Good for the Ill, cannot we see—partially and dimly, of course—how He could sit calm and glad above all the world's tumult and anguish, sure that through all the discord we are slowly drawing by His own attraction into the great orbit of His peace and love, justifying His creation to Himself, biding His time, sure that He will 'justify'—how much more than that, 'His creation to us!'"

There was a flash across the pallor of Darley's face. A little gleam of light surely had now found its way into his dark.

They talked all night. I have not time to tell you a tenth part of what Joe said, but the shining central-truth of his argument was in his first words, and all the rest but amplified those.

I am not certain that he once quoted the Bible to Darley; he avoided wheeling into any line of argument about an inspired revelation: he believed in it himself, and he thought that, in his own time, his friend would find his way to it as his great fountain of help and comfort in all the perplexities and struggles of life.

But, after all, though Joe said many true and noble things that night, and with his strong, native sense flashed a good many rays into Darley's gloom; yet, his best argument was in himself.

There was the great fact of the strong, generous, lofty, simple nature! Darley knew that, and "how," as Joe asked, "could God create or conceive of anything better than Himself?"

I do not mean that all Darley's doubts were

laid to rest; that they would not come back like tides of the sea, to whelm his soul in certain moods all his life. But he was helped, comforted, soothed. All natures, essentially poetic and ideal, must, it seems to me, have these conflicts; men of coarser and more material fibre may be able to live without God in the world, to shelter themselves in some vast network of material laws, and so get along very comfortably.

I cannot see how a true poet can ever do that. That wider vision to which is revealed some of the grandeur and hidden meanings of the universe, includes also a more vivid sensibility to the griefs and anguish of humanity.

So, perhaps, all great poets have at heart been worshippers, though the world, themselves, even, more or less, have denied it.

Darley Hanes, organized as he was, could not live and work without he got near enough to God to catch some outward harmony from the beatings of that infinite Heart of Love. It was a necessity to him to believe, not for himself merely, but for all humanity.

Sometimes the harmony would be drowned in the roar and tumbling of the world, but Darley's soul would certainly feel its way back to that music, and it would be the Guide of his life.

Time and experience would doubtless give him some control over his moods, but they would always swing, more or less, back and forth in gloom and gladness.

Yet, in his highest moments, when he most possessed himself, his moments of inspired creativeness he would always be "nearest God."

Then all darkness and doubts would flee away in the burst of light, and the voices of the world's great sorrow would be drowned in the mighty anthem of praise and joy, and Darley's soul would enter behind the veil of those immortal words:

"And though we must have, and have had,
Right reason to be earthly sad,
THOU POET-GOD ART GOOD AND GLAD!"

To Darley, as to all ideal souls, God must be a Poet. And, because He was this, Darley must believe also that, sooner or later, all that He had made must be also caught up into the great "goodness and gladness!"

(To be continued.)

It is a noble science to know one's self well;
And a noble courage to know how to yield.

TRIFLES.

BY DARD BEST.

JUST some little words of love,
Tender-spoken, soft and low;
Just one wayward curl, to tell
Which way the sweet winds blow;
Just a clasp of dainty fingers,
While the yellow moonshine lingers—
While the happy seconds go!

Just the solemn marriage vows,
Which from sweet lips falt'ring flow;
Just a golden circlet placed
Upon a hand of snow;
Just a breath of orange flowers,
Burdening the twilight hours
While the joyous moments go!

Just a heart-beat hushed and still—
Tides have ebbed that cannot flow;
Just two waxen eye-lids closed
Upon the orbs below;
Just two pale hands, folded, lying,
While lone hearts bereft are sighing—
While the dreary hours go!

Just one kiss, and all is done—
Life is full of gloom and woe!
Just a little mossy bed
Where the daisies grow;
Just each moment's smiles and tears,
'Tis that fills the passing years,
While the endless ages go!

REMEMBER.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

REMEMBER that a gladsome smile
Is like a sunbeam gay—
It has the power to cheer the hour,
And chase the clouds away.

Remember that a gentle word,
In thoughtful kindness spoken,
May turn aside revengeful pride,
Or soothe a heart that's broken.

Remember that a kindly deed
Can never fail to lighten
Some heavy load, along Life's road,
Some darksome spot to brighten.

Remember that the little things,
The charm of love possessing,
Fill up the spring whose streamlets bring
To earth its choicest blessing.

PRIDE is increased by ignorance; those as-
sume the most who know the least.

MILDRED AND HER BABY.

BY RICHMOND.

"WRITE her not to come," said my wife. "It is out of the question. We cannot have them here."

She was greatly disturbed; and I not less than she—but hiding what I felt. We were living in such quiet ease; in such luxurious order! No children's voices made music or discord in our home. No busy little hands or feet disturbed its nice adjustments, or shattered its harmonies. We had nothing, out of ourselves, upon which to lavish affection save a little King Charles spaniel, and that had more care and attention than is given to half the babies in the land. A whole house, crowded with comforts, and only myself and wife to enjoy them. We were growing narrower and narrower every day—more selfish and less sympathetic—getting farther and farther away from our common humanity, and so farther and farther away from the divine humanity of our Lord. And yet we were devout worshippers; never omitting the least things of formal service, and counting ourselves among those who are accepted of God through obedience to the Church.

"She is my mother's sister's child," I answered.

"I'm sorry for her—very sorry. But it's out of the question. We cannot have them here." And my wife—who had been looking over my shoulder at the picture of a lovely baby, sent in the mother's sorrowful and appealing letter to plead with its soft eyes for a home and love—threw a hasty glance about the room, neat and orderly to a fault.

I understood the meaning of that glance and felt its force. A moment, and my eyes went back, as if drawn by some hidden power, to the pictured baby face. It had grown lovelier in the brief interval since I had turned away.

"Did you ever see anything so sweet?" I asked. "Just look at the eyes, Agnes."

My wife bent over my chair again. She stood very still, looking down at the picture—still and silent. I could hear her breath growing deeper.

Then came into my thought these words of our Lord, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and I uttered them aloud.

My wife now leaned against me; her breath was still deeper. She made no reply. Both

of us were gazing at the sun-pictured baby face. I looked up and saw that tears were coming into her eyes.

"God does not live for Himself," I said, as my thoughts began rising into a higher region.

She did not reply.

"If we would be like God, we must put self-love under our feet. This the Church teaches."

She still kept silent.

"I think we are too selfish in our homes.

We surround ourselves with all that can minister to ease and comfort, or gratify taste and pride, and then shut the door and try to enjoy it alone. It is all for ourselves, and nothing for the neighbor. We spend for polished marbles, for carvings and gildings, for fresco and ornament, our thousands and thousands of dollars, not thinking of our brother nor caring for him. It is all for ourselves. For the mere man of the world, who understands no higher law than that which rules in the natural mind—the law of self-love—this may be allowable, because to him the divine law of love to the neighbor is not seen or acknowledged. It may be innocent for him, but can it be for us, who profess to come under the rule of heavenly principles?"

My wife drew a chair, and sat down by my side. I waited for some response; but as none came, I went on: "I am afraid that too many Christian men and women, to whom God has committed worldly goods as a trust, are using them almost entirely for themselves. They build elegant homes, like their worldly neighbors, and furnish them in the most costly and luxurious manner. They surround themselves with every appliance of ease and comfort; and in doing so too often forget or utterly fail to sympathize with the struggling poor, the weak, and the humble."

"I think," said my wife, as I ceased speaking, "that the Christianity of to-day is more considerate of the poor, the weak, and the humble, than in any preceding age since the Apostles' times. We must be careful not to take too narrow a view of things."

"Right," I answered; "God moves in society and controls its means and forces for the best interests of all; bending even self-love and love of the world into the service of humanity. There is no such thing as blind chance. God's government, in what we call Providence, must be a perfect adjustment of external things to

the inner or spiritual needs of the various human souls that make up society. What these needs are only God can know; and He alone is able to provide for them."

"And so we can do nothing."

"On the contrary, if we act with providence—that is, if we make divine laws the rule of our lives—we can do much for the good of others; for it is by human agencies that God works in the world. And it is plain to see that by the willing he can work far more quickly and effectually than by the unwilling agents. Let us take the case which he has brought to our door."

And I held up the letter and picture which had come to disturb the quiet of our selfish ease.

"My poor niece and her baby are, in God's regard, as precious as you or I. Our Heavenly Father does not love them nor care for them any less than for us. That they, as well as we, might be redeemed from the power of evil, He took upon Himself our nature, and lived a life of poverty, self-denial, and suffering in the world. In comparison with the way He dwelt while upon earth, we are in a king's palace. Can His spirit flow into us if we shut our hearts against the poor, who, in sore extremity, stretch out their hands toward us?"

"There is no such purpose in my heart," returned my wife. "I think we should see that Mildred and her baby are well cared for. But I do not think we are called upon to change and disturb the whole order of our home."

"God may see it differently. We may need just this change to save us from spiritual stagnation. It may be that we want Mildred and the baby quite as much as they want us; and that the good to be received from them will be immeasurably greater than the good bestowed; that for the home, and care, and natural blessings we offer them, God will give us the sweeter graces of his spirit, and that inner delight which is the joy of angels. Only as we put away self can our good Father bestow upon us heavenly blessings. I greatly fear, Agnes, that our life here has been growing daily more narrow, selfish, and self-indulgent; and that in His divine concern for our souls, God is now offering us the means by which we can rise into a truer and nobler life."

I saw her color deepen, and her eyes grow larger and brighter. A new expression came into her face, changing all its meanings.

"God does not live for Himself," I added; "and if we would be like Him, we must live for others. I think, Agnes, we have come to a great crisis in our lives. That our Heavenly

Father is trying the quality of our love, whether it have in it any true regard for the neighbor, or be wholly selfish; whether it be heavenly or—infernal. This is a harder word to use; but if it be not heavenly and unselfish, what then? Let us be honest with ourselves.

"It is not martyrdom to which we are called," I went on. "God is not leading us Heavenward through the gate of suffering; nor purifying us by sorrow; nor winnowing us by tribulation. He has given us abundantly of this world's goods; has laid our path through green meadows, and along the course of still waters. And all He asks of us is, that we give as He has freely given; that we share our blessings; that we live for others, and not for ourselves alone."

I ceased speaking, and waited for the effect of what I had said.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Agnes spoke the words softly, and with a tender thrill in her voice. One hand lay in mine, and I clasped it firmly in response.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father. He took them up in His arms, laid His hands upon them, and blessed them," I responded in a low voice, that trembled from an influx of tenderness I could not resist. "I think God has in store for us good things of which we have not dreamed. He is offering us a foretaste now. He is knocking at the door of our hearts, but cannot come in unless we open the door by doing His will."

"Write for Mildred to come!" said Agnes, with a repressed sob, and she hid her face upon my arm. I knew that she was weeping; but whether from natural pain or spiritual joy I did not know.

Mildred and the baby came, and a new order of life ruled thenceforth in the home we had builded and furnished all for ourselves—a new order more blessed and heavenly. We were often lonely before—often wearied of ourselves and the untroubled calm that pervaded our dwelling; but now there was a zest, and sweetness, and variety, that gave to life a sense of enjoyment unknown in the past. I turned my steps homeward at the close of each day with a new feeling. I walked with quicker steps. My arms reached out in fancy, longing to feel the baby in them. And Agnes had entered on a new and higher life. She was busier and fuller of care; but it was such activity and care as make the life of angels.

The gain was ours; more, I think, than to Mildred and her baby. They were our benefactors.

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSEIWAY POTTS.

No. XVIII.

I DON'T want to find fault, dear knows there is growling enough all over the world, and I don't want to put my whine in with the general growl, but I want to speak on one subject while we're all sitting around enjoying this dreamy October.

Oh, these Octobers are like golden beads strung on my rosary, and I look down at them and count them o'er and o'er, my fingers always lingering longest and most lovingly over the Octobers. But, my growling query was this: why is it that so many good parents have such unruly children? such wilful, unloving, ungrateful children?

It is nothing strange for a young man away from home, perhaps at college, to dress like a fop in the very best of clothes and let his father pay for them—to order the bill sent “to the old man.” Nothing strange to have a bill for meerschaum, cigars, and wine sent to the poor old father to pay. It is quite common everywhere for young ladies to go away from home to meet a lover, clandestinely, whom their parents dislike and have forbidden. I have no words of condemnation strong enough to express my astonishment and horror at such a state of affairs.

It is really dreadful to think of. In either case there is no justification whatever for such wayward, ungrateful, ugly sons and daughters. Better that they had died in their beautiful infancy than that they should have lived to grieve the hearts of their parents thus.

I never lay away the little waxen limbs of a baby in its last sleep and look upon it with flowers about its arms and bosom, in which I do not rejoice that it is safe in the fold, and that no future years of its life will bow down the mother with a sorrow that is “sharper than a serpent's tooth.”

I would urge upon parents to live consistent lives—they are the most effective sermons preached—all the talk, and all the professions of religion, with precept upon precept, will avail nothing unless backed up by a consistent daily walk and conversation. It will do no good to tell children what they ought to do if you don't do it yourself.

Many a homely old man and illiterate old

woman preach better sermons in their conduct, than does the minister in the pulpit.

Eloquent language, faultless grammar, and finely-turned sentences, with all the exaltation of poesy, may waft themselves over one's head like a delicious evening breeze, or may touch one no more than if he were clad in steel armor, while a broken word wrung from the heart of a humble man may find a joint in the harness.

Any one can live a consistent life—it is easily done—it requires not wealth, or fame, or genius, or education—none of these. How great the inducement for one to live well and to do good.

When we were all little children together, and our parents went horseback away out into the country to “Baptist meeting,” if time dragged heavily on our hands we generally amused ourselves playing “keep house.” We didn't feel quite satisfied as to the propriety of it, however, and we didn't have the same degree of freedom that we had on week days.

I remember we didn't care for any person who rode by to church except one good old man, Deacon Runyan. We loved him and didn't want to lose his good will, and were very careful not to let him catch us playing. Our Brother Rube, the wildest, noisiest one in the family, was particularly anxious to stand fairly in Father Runyan's good graces. He would keep a sharp lookout, and when he would say: “Daddy Runyan's coming! hide! hide!” we were out of sight like a flock of quails.

Father Runyan's face was very homely, and his ways were awkward, but when we came up to womanhood and a more intimate acquaintance revealed to us the depth of his goodness and purity and godliness, the perfect consistency of his Christian character, and the beauty and excellence in his daily walk and conversation, that old man seemed set apart—canonized.

So, give the growing children less lecturing, fewer sermons, and more good examples of pure, consistent lives. Don't keep them off at a distance from you—tell them your plans, and hopes, and desires—confide in them and win all their little confidences, enter into their joys and sorrows, and mingle with them, consult

their judgment, and be their best and safest and surest friends. It may save you many a heartache.

This is a good time to be looking over winter clothing and fixing up bedclothes. Old or faded delaine dresses, or any kind of half-worn worsteds, will make pretty comforts. All pieces of such goods can be re-dyed black, and purple, and aniline, and made into bright comforts, and they will be so light and warm. Feather beds that have been laid away during the summer can be renovated and sunned these fine days and made ready for the frosty nights; blankets can be ripped apart, and the best sides turned into the middle; old quilts newly bound; and half-worn last winter coats looked over. I shouldn't wonder if some of them could be made quite as good as new by fixing the corners of the pockets, putting on new cuffs and new collars, and giving them a good sponging. If the lower half of the sleeve is worn out and tagged and shabby, just rip the whole of the sleeves out, take out the old lining and old bits of stitches, then dampen and press out the upper sides, and make entire new ones for the under parts. No matter if the cloth is not precisely the color of the coat for everyday wear. It is so much better than to patch and patch, and then say in a compromising way to your dissatisfied self, "There, I *guess* that'll do." A woman better go to a little trouble, and be glad and proud of her work, than to half do it.

Farmer's wives make apple-butter this month. Well, use good cider and good fruit; don't make too much; put it in gallon jars or crocks; paper it securely and stand it in a cool, airy place. There is a rule that one may know when butters or jams are cooked sufficiently to keep well for years, without fermentation or moulding. When you think it is done enough to test it, dip out a spoonful in a saucer and let it stand until it is cool. If a smooth, dry, glistening skim comes over it, it will keep, but if the juice separates and stands in little puddles over and around it, it is not done enough, and must be cooked longer.

In drying fruit, do it cleanly and carefully, and keep it away from flies as much as possible.

Oh, there are so many leaks in the household, so much waste, that we wonder how people accumulate property at all! Why the best of us are wasteful, when we really think just because we buy no new clothes, and make our old ones last, that we are experienced and superior housekeepers.

Oh, there are fifty leaks that I think of now.

After boiling meat, the water is often thrown out, when, if it had cooled, the fat could have been taken off and saved. Such grease can be made sweet and clean by heating it over and cooking a raw potato in it, cut in two or three slices. It will absorb all unpleasant flavor. Or, if not real good, put it away in a cracked crock, covered carefully; the men will want it for wagon grease; that will save giving them clean lard.

Bits of meat are often thrown out that would make hash meat, or hash; and vegetables thrown out that could have been set in the oven and warmed over for breakfast.

Pie-crust is left and laid away to sour, when it could have been divided into as many pieces as there are members in your family, rolled out to fit your patty tins, a teaspoonful of jam or jelly or something in the middle, and you have tarts enough for tea. Mind that, girls.

In making pies, I tell my girls to "cut according to the cloth;" that is, to use pie-crust to make it come out even with the filling, no matter if one pie is too thick or another too thin, it is good economy in anybody's household.

The pudding left of yesterday's dinner is often scraped into the swill-pail, when it could have been steamed for to-day's dinner, and would have made a nice taste in a half dozen dessert dishes embellished with a spoonful or two of sweetened cream; or it could have been made over, and come upon the table disguised as a bran new pudding.

Cheese is suffered to dry, or mould, or be eaten by mice or vermin, when it could have been toasted and eaten; or grated and made ready for the table by an addition of cream, salt, butter, pepper, crumbled crackers, and half an hour's baking in a pudding dish.

Bread is often mixed in a wasteful way, the flour not sifted, but emptied back into the barrel to come out with flinty lumps in it. The bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it, when one minute's work would have left it as bright as a mirror.

Soap is often left lying in the water to dissolve, or more is used than is necessary.

Dish-towels are thrown down where mice can destroy them; the scrub-brush is left in water; the whitewash-brush not cleaned, and dried; pails scorched and blistered by standing too near the stove; tubs left out in the sun to dry and fall apart; iron-ware rusted; tin-ware not dried; stoves set out doors and left

exposed to the weather; wash-boilers, used for anything; nice knives, used to scrape pots and and kettles; forks, used for awls, and the tines broken; good tea-saucers, used to put lard or grease in; pitchers, bowls and fine white tureens, used for hot stewed fruits and juices, and thereby stained and spoiled; spiders, set on a table in a hurry; vinegar slapped on the outside of the pretty bright castor and suffered to corrode; silver teaspoons, used for medicines, or very common purposes; the syrup-jug left open; bowls of preserves, not carefully papered after they have been opened and used from; sugar scattered about carelessly to feed and foster flies, when not an atom should be dropped; and rinsings of sweetmeats or syrup thrown out that would have made good vinegar.

After the best part is cut out of a ham, the rest is often left to dry away or mould or become tainted, when it would have made a good boiled dinner with cabbage, potatoes and turnips. Bits of stringy beef, fat-and-lean, that wont fry well, along with a marrow-bone broken, make a nice dinner for a hungry man made into a pot-pie, the kind old people like—such as Norme Wolfe, one of my boy-boarders, used to sparkle over when he came in hungry, and call a "Thanksgiving dinner."

Potatoes are suffered to grow in the cellar, and the sprouts are not removed until they become worthless. Beef is allowed to spoil because the brine needed scalding, and barrels are left standing all summer with a dribble of tainted brine in them, never thrown out until they are needed in early winter. Cracked crocks are thrown behind the ash-bin or pigpen when they should have been kept for dirty grease. Hard soap is left uncovered and exposed to the air, and it wastes away; rags are thrown into the fire that should have been washed and scalded, and saved for paper rags, or for carpets and rugs; and linings are carelessly torn out of old pantaloons and coat-sleeves, that if washed and ironed, would have served as long again in another form of garment-lining.

Don't forget to cook well and salt your lard—it wont become tainted if thoroughly cooked; and, if possible, let what you keep for your own use be put in large stone jars or crocks. It is such a cleanly, safe way.

By the way, just now, in October, lard never sells for a very good price. If you have plenty, give a crockful, in a quiet way, to the poor young doctor's wife, or the poor little humped shoemaker, who can hardly earn food enough for his growing family; or a widow—look

around a little—the Lord will direct you, I guess. Just as likely as not the tough piecrust that the shoemaker's children eat is made the long-way of the cloth—poor souls!

Let us bestir ourselves, and make some of those pinched young ones leap for joy.

Any little flannel sacques, or coats, or short-legged stockings, or hoods, or vests, or bibs? Eh! Make 'em into a little bundle, then you wont walk lop-sided when you carry the crock of lard—looks pretty and dignified to see folks walk straight.

But, give your pittance *humanly*, don't act as though you were a white-winged angel of mercy, and they were poor renegades—objects of charity and pity. The way a thing is given, is what makes it valuable and acceptable.

Deacon Skiles presented me with a snuff-box once, and he grinned, and shone, and glistened, and acted as though he was my benefactor, my preserver; and as though he expected me to bow down before him in thanks. I never half enjoyed that box, just because of the unpleasant remembrance connected with it. But the snuff-bean in it is most superb. I will acknowledge that.

Let me see, what was I talking about? Oh, household leaks!

Brooms are hardly ever hung up, and are soon spoiled. If you have not a fastening on the end of the handle, to hang it by, bore a hole through with a gimblet and tie in a loop of good, wide leather string; wet the string and shape the loop to stand open always—it will after it is dry.

It is very easy to prevent a broom from wearing so as to turn off at one side. Carpets are very often taken up carelessly without drawing the tacks out, and some women sweep their good carpets with any old stub of a broom, hardly fit to scrub the kitchen, while good brooms are used to scrub with and to sweep door-yards. This should not be done. Towels are used for iron-holders, and are burned and scorched and made unsightly; and good sheets are used to iron on, taking a fresh one every week, thus damaging nearly all in the house. Dried-beef is dried so hard and flinty that it can scarcely be cut; roasted coffee and tea and spice and pepper are allowed to stand open and lose their strength; fluid left uncorked to waste by evaporation; nice towels and napkins used as dish-wipers, and often suffered to mildew; tablecloths put away damp; mats forgotten to be put under hot dishes, and the table spoiled; cups of hot tea set on a sewing machine or toilet-stand or

valuable book and the ugly mark left indelibly; chairs are banged against a rosewood or mahogany piano and a scar left that hurts the lady owner worse than a scar on her face; books are used to hold up the window sash and are twisted out of shape and the binding made loose and shaky; ink or oil is carelessly spilt on a carpet; dried fruits are not cared for in season and become wormy; vegetables are left to lie and decay in the cellar and their filthy odor breeds fevers and sickness; soap-barrels are left uncovered and things fall in; clothes lines are left out for days at a time; clothes-pins are not kept in a sack, but lie scattered on the ground; milk-pans and crocks not scalded and aired and sunned and made sweet; cream not churned as soon as it is ready, and an inferior article of butter made; fruit-cans not looked over frequently and the contents often spoil and are wasted when they could have been used and saved, etc., etc., etc.

Any man who thinks a woman hasn't much to do is invited to read this carefully, and be assured by one who knows, that "the half has not been told." Let him compare this with his own work and see how her little wearisome cares do multiply, and how tedious they are. It is so much like the rounds of the old horse in the bark-mill at the tanner's, only that love, the sweetener and purifier, makes of this drudgery a beautiful and loving duty, pleasant and cheerful.

Our cousin, Inez Eugenia Potts, has been spending a week with us and we have had a glorious visit. We have explored all the ravines, and climbed the hills, and stood on the highest rocks, and eaten our dinners in places almost inaccessible, and we have followed the winding courses of the brooks, and there has been nothing to mar our enjoyment.

Yes, there was one little thing but that was soon removed. Inez complained of her toenails growing into the flesh—they ached continually, and after a few days walking and climbing and meandering, they were very painful.

Father got her a bit of broken glass and made her scrape the nails in the middle, and after that I never heard any more "ohing" or "owhing."

I liked Cousin Inez Eugenia Potts about as well as any girl I ever saw. When she first came I asked her to lay aside the disfiguring hump that she wore behind. I just told her plainly that one roof wasn't big enough to

cover me and another woman, if the other woman persisted in wearing such an outlandish pack as that strapped on her back; that it was an outrage to decency, and I, a member in good standing in a regular Baptist church, 'd have none o' that about me. I told her if she must carry it, why not put it up on her shoulders, the orthodox way o' carryin' a burden.

I made her put the thing out o' sight for fear the deacon or granny'd see it and ask the name of it, or what sort of a cage it was. Oh, but I'd 'a' got red and flustered if the deacon had 'a' looked in that bran-barrel and found it. I laid a nigger-head on top of the cover for fear he'd go yankeeing round and fish it out.

I lectured her soundly about her new-fangled machine, and the poor little thing tried to make me believe that I was a good deal of an old fogey.

I asked her if she knew what it meant, and I said we had no business to wear an article of dress that didn't mean something, or make us comfortable, or add to our neatness or beauty.

I said padding helped nature where she had been a little slack, and in moderation that was well enough—jute signified an abundance of hair—the sash or bow fastened, or simulated a fastening, and pretty nearly all of our fashions meant well when first invented, but this great pokerish, ungraceful, over-jutting thing meant nothing pretty—indicated no softly-flowing lines of grace or beauty, and transformed a woman's figure into a shapeless monstrosity—coarse, vulgar, repulsive.

I cannot understand how a refined woman can go out into the light of day disfigured so exquisitely.

I have heard illiterate people say with a snort of triumph, as though their argument was a clincher, "might as well be out o' the world as out o' the fashion," so I presume those women whose standing and education would entitle them to be called refined and cultivated, hug this empty, old, collapsed argument to their deluded hearts and make the most they can of it.

I have reasoned with myself many a time trying to find out how far a mother should permit her daughters to go in following the fashions. I think the line is not hard to find; these blooming girls who look to me, and abide by my judgment in this matter, quite readily coincide with me—one of them particularly. The younger one, sometimes, if I shake my head, will stand and look down at her feet an instant, and then up at the sky, thoughtfully,

as though she'd prefer her own judgment, and then she acquiesces cheerfully, and there is no sulk, or pout, or cross word, or any sign of dissatisfaction—never. But if she kisses me more than fifty times in one day, and wheedles me into taking her in my lap in the rocking chair, and combs and brushes my hair too often, I begin to look out for the silken snare that is laid for my unwary feet. It is a shrewd woman's signal for an attack, it is the noose made of an invisible golden hair that is stronger to catch, and hold, and lead one, than is a triple twisted cable.

Well, if women—wives and mothers—are women of good sense, this potent charm is well enough, so much better than scolding or driving; but if they are vain and unreasonable, it is a great pity.

I think one's daughters should be permitted to follow any fashion that is not positively absurd; they should not be compelled to dress in a manner that renders them conspicuous or odd from everybody else. Even if it be a fashion that the old mother cannot reconcile as pretty, let her tolerate it when her daughters do not go to the extreme. "Every girl has such a strong repugnance to being ill dressed, that a mother should never gratuitously wound this natural feeling, associated as it is with a fear of ridicule, which is in some degree connected with modesty.

"See, therefore, that your daughters be well dressed, and allow them to follow the fashion when this is neither improper nor extravagant. The more they feel that they are dressed like others, the less they will think about the matter."

Don't make the poor girls go looking as though they were fifty years behind the times; make allowance for their youth, and their enthusiasm, and their love of pretty and new and novel things; don't set "your foot down" decidedly, and unkindly, and strenuously, in a way that will make them dislike you, and think you were cruel, long after the grasses cover your poor face. Make them love you; and treat them in a way that they will always mourn the loss of a tender mother.

But don't be as indulgent as a woman I heard of. She went home from church the other Sunday and said: "Most all the gurrels had on silk overcoats to-day at Baptist meetin', an' I'm not a goin' to let 'em get ahead o' you'uns." She sold a cow and invested the money in silk, and all of her daughters came to church arrayed in tight-fitting polonaises.

By another summer the fashion, perhaps,

will have changed, and the silk so cut up can hardly be fashioned into any prevailing garment. That was poor economy throughout; the cow was as good as a bank investment, the example set her girls was bad, and the silk spoiled.

The experience of my own girlhood comes so good to me now in my intercourse with young women and their mothers. It seemed hard then, but now I am glad that it profits others, and I would not have that experience bate one jot nor tittle of its bitterness. It was good for me.

I never had anything better than a nine-pence calico, and only one dress at a time. I earned a little money once washing shirts for an old soaker, and I salted it down, waiting until I could get enough to buy me a light calico dress—pale blue was the color I wanted. But I grew so fast that I hadn't money enough, and when the time came that I could go to Mansfield in a neighbor's big farm wagon, I coaxed my father to give me thirty cents more; by economizing closely, that would just get enough to make a dress.

I sat up high among the sweet-smelling sacks of grain, and felt very rich and proud, looking inside of my closely-shut hand every few minutes to see if the moist treasure was still safe.

It bought seven yards—little, modest, small-figured, pretty pale-blue. I chewed a little bit of it in a kindly, shy way, and, lo! it didn't fade one mite; it just grew brighter and brighter.

I sat down in the wagon-bed that jolting fourteen miles of a ride home, and I was so happy that I sang, "Heigh Betty Martin," and "Rowdy-Dowdy," and "There is a land of pure delight," all the way home; and I thought I never did see finer scenery, or more majestic trees, or better gardens, than I did that day.

There was a right and wrong way in the figure of the calico, so I got my Cousin Abbie to cut out the dress, she could manage and contrive so well.

When I started to go to her house my father said, "Now don't have any nonsense about that dress," and I said, "No one couldn't get any more than the bare, plain dress out of seven yards, and the calico narrow at that."

She cut and fitted the dress; the sleeves were made flowing, or as nearly as they could flow under existing circumstances.

Oh, I wish a little of that glad glow of youthful spirits could come back to me now, just for

five minutes even! I would so like to taste its wine flavor, to feel the thrill and fervor, but it has gone from me forever.

The first time I wore the new dress was to church. When I came home, as soon as I entered the door my father looked at me critically. I'd rather have been struck down than have felt such a cold, hard, cutting look—that kind of a stare that measured me, and—found me wanting. I pretended I didn't observe it, and hurried off up-stairs with a sinking heart; his heavy tread followed after me, and the clinking shears were in his hand. "Here—hold on," said he, sternly, in a voice I was always afraid of, and he put on as much authority as though he swayed a sceptre; "put out your arms, I allow no such nonsense as this in my house; nice sleeves, indeed—I'll make flowing sleeves of them!"

I reached out my arms, he gathered the sleeves closely about my wrists, the vicious shears seemed to say, "Yah—yah—yah!" tauntingly; and though I cried bitterly, and begged him to spare the pretty dress, for which I thought I had worked so hard, he slashed them off without any mercy. I lay down on the floor in my bed-room, and thought, my heart was broken. I wasn't hungry at supper, and I cried myself to sleep, and then woke and cried in the night. I didn't want to live any longer—nobody loved me, and I had nothing to live for, not even my new dress with flowing sleeves.

When the bitterness of my sorrow passed away, I took a little strip out of the scant skirt and put with the mangled sleeves, but that left the skirt so narrow that it was almost as though a gawky, fifteen-years' old girl had been poured into a poke of pale-blue calico. I filled it up quite smoothly, and had to adopt a mimicking, mincing gait to correspond with the width of the wallet.

I didn't dare undertake to step across a rail when I wore it, after the "new departure"—had to go around the end it.

At last I cut it up and put it in a quilt, and I sleep under it these cool nights; and every time I look at it the old sorrow sweeps over me; and sometimes, even yet, it overwhelms me, and I shed a few tears in a "softly way." But, generally, I try to laugh, and think, "Oh, how funny that was!"

And so I am careful to remember just how I felt when I was young, and I am influenced by that experience in dealing with these girls. I indulge them in any fashion that is not absurd, even though it is not pretty. A girl oddly

dressed has not the self-confidence and assurance of one who knows she is appearing well.

The years of girlhood soon pass away, and the whole after-life holds the sunshine or shadow that hallowed or darkened that period.

Let us remember this, and say "yes," when with our cold, sluggish blood and world-weariness we often feel like saying, "Oh, no!" to their requests.

IN DREAMS.

BY JENNIE.

WHY does he come to me in dreams,
When the dull current of my life
Is rolling calmly, smoothly on,
With nought of gladness or of strife
To mirror, in its waveless flow,
The bright cascades of Long Ago?

The waking dream is long since past.

He loved me—for his eyes said so—

More plainly than his lips could tell;

My heart gave back the rapturous glow—

And that was all, for Fate said, "Nay,
Your feet must tread a different way."

So let it be; I make no plaint;

I know full well that now 'twere sin

To whisper, in my inmost soul,

Those weak, sad words, "It might have been!"

My heart were strong to bear its pain,

Might I not see his face again.

Why does he come to me in dreams?

My soul cries out that it is best,

However dark the shadows lower,

To turn her vision to the West,

And close her eyes for evermore

Upon life's golden, Eastern shore.

I do not shrink beneath life's load;

With nought to hope, and nought to fear,

To-morrow, I accept the pain

Wrought into every weary year,

Unvarying, till I nor know,

Nor scarce believe that it is so.

My feet have learned to tread their way—

I ask not it shall be less rough,

But only that my strength shall last

Till He has said, "It is enough."

And sleep shall come, which hath no gleams

Of spectre joys, in fitful dreams.

It is often extremely difficult in the mixed things of this world to act truly and kindly, too; but therein lies one of the great trials of man—that his sincerity should have kindness in it, and his kindness truth.

THE FRIGATE, OR MAN-OF-WAR BIRD.

BY E. B. D.

THE frigate, or man-of-war bird is, says Audubon, possessed of a power of flight superior to that of perhaps any other bird. Its province is not the water, but the air. It is, writes Michelet, virtually nothing more than wings. Its body is barely larger than that of the domestic cock, while its prodigious wings often reach a span of fifteen feet. It neither swims, nor dives, nor rests on the billows, like the gull. Its feet, it is true, are partially webbed, but its tarsi, or legs, are scarcely half an inch in length. The tail is long and forked, and the general plumage destitute of that close and downy texture, which always characterizes a bird whose home is on the surface of the water.

Equally unfitted for living on land, where it is never found, except in the breeding season, when hatching and rearing its young, the frigate bird, under ordinary circumstances, continues ever on the wing over the ocean, reposing on outspread pinions in the higher regions of the air, where, without any effort, it can remain suspended. Literally, says Michelet, it sleeps upon the storm.

When, however, continues the poetic Frenchman, he chooses to oar his way seriously, all distance vanishes: he breakfasts at the Senegal, he dines in America. Or, if he thinks fit to take more time, and amuse himself on the way, he can do so. He may continue his progress through the night indefinitely, certain of reposing himself on his huge, motionless wings, which take upon themselves all the weariness of the voyage, or on the wind, his slave, which eagerly hastens to cradle him.

For this sort of life, however, the frigate bird has been expressly created. Beneath the throat is situated a large pouch, capable of being filled with air from the lungs, with which, in common with the hollow bones of the wings, it immediately communicates. The bones of the wings, too, besides being hollow, are extremely long and light. Thus the pouch and tubes form an apparatus analogous to a balloon, which requires little else but the wings to be spread to sustain by its buoyancy the body in the atmosphere.

"The frigate bird," says Mr. Darwin, "has a noble appearance when seen soaring in a flock at a stupendous height (at which time it merits the name of the condor of the ocean), or when many together are darting, in compli-

cated evolutions, but with the most admirable skill, at the same floating object. They seem to take their food quietly, for between each descent they raise themselves on high and descend again with a swift and true aim. If the object (such as offal thrown overboard,) sinks more than six or eight inches beneath the surface, it is lost to the bird. I was informed at Ascension that when the little turtles break their shells, and run to the water's edge, these birds attend in numbers, and pick up the little animals off the sand, in the same manner as they do from the sea."

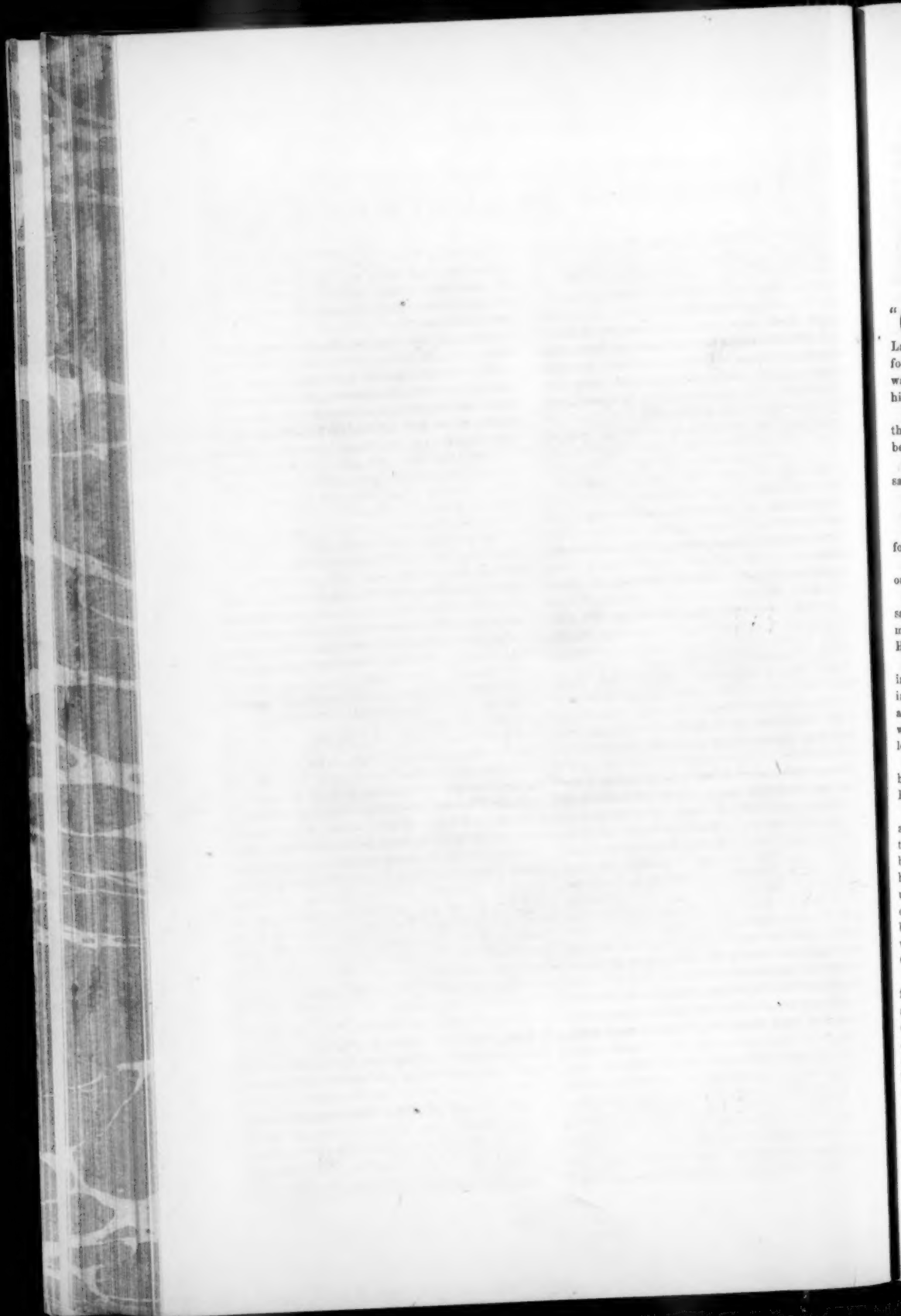
The frigate birds seem particularly fond of the flying-fish, darting at it themselves when near the surface of the water, or snatching it from other birds which they force to drop their prey. In this way they sadly persecute the timid booby-bird, a famous fisher, who, when he has caught a nice prize, is often compelled to drop it by a blow on the neck from the powerful beak of the frigate bird, when, before it can reach the water in its fall, it is caught up by the swift-winged robber. Indeed, these birds are eminently raptorial. Ray speaks of their eagle eyes, vulturine claws, and kite-like glidings.

Of the voracity of the frigate bird, we have curious illustrations. On landing at Ascension Island, says a traveller, we were assailed by some frigate birds. One tried to snatch a fish out of my very hand. Others alighted on the copper where the meat was cooking, and attempted to carry it off, without taking any notice of the sailors who were around it. When the fishermen are pursuing their vocation on the sand-banks in Kingston Harbor, Jamaica, the gulls, pelicans, and other sea-birds gather around in swarms, and as the loaded net is hauled ashore, pounce upon their struggling prey. But no sooner does this take place, than the frigate birds attack them so furiously that they are glad to give up their hard-earned booty to such formidable antagonists.

The plumage of the frigate bird is a rich purple black in hue, but the beak is varied with vermilion red, and the throat with patches of white. It is very frequently found on the intertropical American coasts, and in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. On and about the Florida Keys the frigate birds are very numerous, coming there to lay their eggs and hatch their young.



THE FRIGATE BIRD.



MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

COMFORTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS WITH A CHILD."

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

"OH, Agnes dear! I was just thinking of you," was the warm greeting I received from Mrs. Langdon. I found her busy at work on a garment for her boy, who was playing about the room. He was singing in a childish murmur to himself, and his voice made melody in her heart.

I saw through the smile on her face a shade of the old tenderness, and knew that her heart had been going out to the one in Heaven.

"Thinking of me!" I replied. "That is pleasant. I like to be thought of by my friends."

"I think of you very often," she returned.

"Do you?"

"Yes; and the thought always gives me strength for duty."

I was touched, and could not keep the moisture out of my eyes.

"To-day," she went on, "something that you said a good while ago has been running in my mind. It was about the condition of infants in Heaven, as related by Swedenborg."

"Oh! Yes, I remember. He says that when infants die; or, as he expresses it, are raised up into Heaven after leaving their mortal bodies, they are given into the care of angels of the female sex, who, when they lived on the earth, most tenderly loved children."

Mrs. Langdon closed her eyes and leaned her head back upon the chair in which she was sitting. Her face had an absorbed, happy expression.

"Yes, that was it," she said, lifting her head after a few moments. "It was not long after you told me this, before I began to think of my dear baby as in the arms of an angel mother. I saw him there in waking fancies, and in my dreams, until it became a reality. Words cannot tell the comfort I have had from this belief. Oh, it must be so! And now, Agnes, I want you to tell me what more he says about the little children whom God takes away from this world."

"It is all very comforting, as I said to you before," I answered. "The fondest mother could not ask for her baby anything better. Immediately on the death of a little child—or, to speak more correctly, immediately on its resurrection into the spiritual world, it is received, Swedenborg says, by angels, and taken into Heaven. It knows nothing of death as we see it from this side. Death to the baby is only a pleasant sleep, and its waking peaceful and happy. When the eyes of its spirit open, it sees a loving face and feels the clasp of tender arms. It knows not of the great transition

through which it has passed. Life flows on as if continuously; but with a sense of enjoyment deeper and purer than before. In wise and loving ways it is provided that no perception of loss or strangeness shall be felt."

I saw tears dropping on Mrs. Langdon's folded hands.

"So it is that they are raised up," I went on. "Out of the shadows of earth, they rise into the beauty and brightness of Heaven. Of the dark passage, as we call it, they know nothing. It is only tranquil sleep to them. And now that they are raised up, their life goes on. Their angel-mothers are far wiser than earthly mothers, and know a thousand times better how to nurture them and provide for their wants."

"Want in Heaven?" queried my friend.

"The soul has needs," I answered. "It must be fed. The baby, new born into Heaven, has a spiritual body—the same that gave life to its natural body here—and it cannot live and grow without spiritual food, any more than the mind or spirit while yet in a mortal body can grow without mental food. And one of the offices of the angel-mother is to see that the baby given to her is provided with the food it needs."

"There is something so real about this—almost common," Mrs. Langdon said, a little soberly.

I could not help smiling.

"Life is real," I said; "and no life is more real than the life of the soul is. In the other world, the same law must govern that governs here, for our natural world is but the outgrowth of the spiritual world. Whatever exists here must exist there, but in a spiritual way. There is a hunger, and thirst, and nakedness of the soul, as well as of the body. The soul, when it leaves its natural body and life in the material world, and rises into the spiritual world, must have its food, and drink, and clothing, and habitation, and all things adapted to its spiritual senses and life-needs, or it could not be happy. Think for a moment. Can you conceive of any other mode of life than one similar to our lives in this world?"

"I have never thought of the next world in any definite way," was replied.

"But now that you have a loved one there, thought yearns for some intelligence regarding him. You want to know how it is with the departed. You are not alone in this desire. Millions of hearts are yearning to-day like yours."

"And you believe that Swedenborg has solved this great mystery?"

"I have not said so. I have only spoken of the reasonableness of what he says about those who die in infancy."

"But how did he know?" Mrs. Langdon asked.

"His own explanation is simple," I replied. "He says that every man has a spiritual body as well as a natural body, and that both are equally endowed with senses, organs, and functions. That the spiritual body, or soul, is within the natural body, causing it to have life in nature. That the spiritual man is the real man that lives forever; but that, during a man's life in the world, the spiritual senses remain closed, so that he does not see into the spiritual world, and therefore knows nothing about it. If his spiritual senses were opened he could see objects in that world."

"Well, Swedenborg says that the Lord opened his spiritual senses, so that he could see and hear and be consciously present in the spiritual as well as in the natural world; and this, in order that mankind might no longer be ignorant of the laws governing in that world, nor of the manner of life there. That in the mercy of the Lord, he was chosen and prepared for this special work, not from any good in him above other men, but only as an instrument of the divine beneficence. He says that he talked with spirits and angels for a great many years, and from what he saw and heard in the spiritual world has given us in his books a large amount of information about things hitherto unknown."

"I should want something more than his declaration of the fact," said Mrs. Langdon.

"Of course; and so would any one else. If what he says of life in the other world is in anything contrary to reason, or Scripture rightly interpreted, it must be rejected. If not, and its contemplation or belief strengthens our reverence and love for God, and makes charity to the neighbor broader and more unselfish, then a belief in what he says on this subject can do no harm. Judge for yourself as to the good or evil effect on your own mind of what he relates about the reception of infants in Heaven when they are taken out of this world. Has it lessened your love and gratitude to God?"

"Oh, no, no! Every day my heart blesses Him for such a revelation of His tender care for my baby."

"Then you believe that all this is really so?"

"I cannot help believing it," my friend replied. "Now that it has been told to me, I have an inner perception that it is and must be true. How could it be otherwise? But tell me more about the condition and growth of children in Heaven, as related by Swedenborg."

"He says," I replied, "that the angels into whose keeping they are given, not only care for them in the most loving manner, but instruct them in heavenly things, and this in ways so perfect that nothing on earth is comparable therewith. No weariness attends this instruction; but only the delight of receiving. As they advance in their lives, growing in stature and intelligence day by day, instruction in higher and higher things is given. At length the loving mother-angel transfers her charge to angel teachers, and they lead on in

the pursuit of wisdom. The infant, raised up into Heaven, grows in knowledge day by day, steadily advancing from childhood to youth, and so on toward the full maturity of all his powers, until it becomes a wise and loving angel—for it is intelligence and wisdom that make an angel. As nearly as I can remember, what he says on this subject is this—I give you his own words: 'Many persons imagine that infants are forever infants among the angels in Heaven. But the case is otherwise. Intelligence and wisdom constitute an angel; and so long as infants are without intelligence and wisdom, although they are associated with angels they are not angels. When they become intelligent and wise, then they first become angels. I have, indeed, been surprised to see that they are then no longer of an infantile disposition, but of a more mature angelic character. Intelligence and wisdom produce this maturity.'

"He says, further, that infants who grow up in Heaven, do not advance beyond early manhood, but remain in that state to eternity. And he adds: 'That I might be assured of this, it has been granted me to converse with some who were educated as infants in Heaven, and who had grown up there. I have also spoken with some when they were infants, and afterward with the same when they had become young men, and heard from them the progression of their life from one age to the other.'

"If," said Mrs. Langdon, who had been listening with deep attention, "the inner sight of this man were really opened, so that he could see what was going on in the other world, he must have seen little children with their angel attendants. Does he tell how they looked and what they were doing?"

"He relates much of what he saw and heard," I answered, "and many times speaks of children. In one place he says: 'It was granted me to see little children most elegantly clothed, having their breasts adorned with garlands of flowers resplendent with celestial colors, which also encircled their tender arms. On one occasion I saw some children with their instructresses, accompanied by virgins, in a paradisaical garden. The children were clothed in the manner just mentioned, and when they entered the garden, the clustering flowers above the entrance shot forth glad radiance. From this may be inferred the peculiar quality of their delights, and that they are introduced by agreeable and delightful objects into innocence and charity, which are continually insinuated from the Lord by those mediums.'

"In many places he speaks about the state of children who have been taken from this world to Heaven, but I cannot remember now all the particulars. He often mentions having seen them, and in all cases they were with angel attendants and instructors, and surrounded with every possible attraction. Their state, as compared with that of infants and children most favorably conditioned in

this life, is represented as beyond comparison more blessed and desirable."

Our conversation was interrupted here, and not again renewed. But once afterward did Mrs. Langdon refer to it.

Hearing that her little Charley was sick, I called to see how he was, and found her in considerable anxiety about him. For several days he had complained of a pain just below the ear; now it was red and swollen, and he could not hear on that side.

"I have been so anxious ever since he had the scarlet fever," my friend said, with a tremor of alarm in her voice. "It so often leaves bad effects."

I said what I could to allay her fears; but it did not amount to anything, for I was as much in the dark as herself. The poor little fellow was in considerable pain, and rolled from side to side, on his bed, moaning at intervals. The doctor came in while I was there, and made rather light of the case; but this in no way lessened the anxiety of Mrs. Langdon. After he had gone away, and Charley, under a temporary relief from pain, had fallen asleep, she said with much feeling: "Oh, Agnes, it is such a comfort to me to know that dear Franky is in the care of a wiser mother than I am; that no sickness, or pain, or grief can come near him; that he is being led and guided and ministered to with a loving solicitude beyond our imagination to conceive. This one," laying her hand on the sleeping child, "needed the tenderest care of an earthly mother, and when the good Lord translated my sweet baby to Heaven, and gave him an angel-mother, He brought this one to me and said, 'Open your heart and take him in and you shall be comforted;' and He has more than kept His promise. Dear, dear baby!" and she bent over and kissed him fondly. "What might not his fate have been if my heart had refused to take him?"

"It is better for all," I said. "Better for the babe in Heaven and the babe on earth, and better for the sorrowing mother who has been so largely comforted."

"Yes, it is better," my friend replied, in a low voice, speaking as if to herself.

For an hour the baby slept, and when he awoke he was free from pain. From that time the swelling began to subside. In a few days he was as well as ever, and Mrs. Langdon thanked God for his recovery with a heart full of gratitude.

"When I think," she said to me, not long afterward, "of all that has happened in the last two years, my heart gets so full that I weep as I sit alone; but the tears that drop from my eyes are not from sorrow, but from a joy so deep that words would fail to express it. Oh, Agnes! if I had, in blind selfishness, refused the office to which the loving God called me, how different all would have been to-day! How different it might have been with him!" and she looked at her adopted child

with eyes all alive with love. "Oh, I shudder sometimes, when I think of him as a poor, neglected, cast-off baby, cold, and hungry, and cruelly treated! Thank God for him, that it is not so! That I opened my half-deaf ears to his baby cries, and took him to my heart!"

Was she not comforted? Not as time comforts, by deadening grief, but comforted with love and peace, and the blessing God always sends to those who do His will. The fountain of mother-love He opened in her heart was not left to become a stagnant pool, breeding unwholesomeness; but a spring of living water, blessing as it flowed, while to her was given that influx of heavenly delight which is the reward of all who forget themselves in doing good.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DON'T expect too much of them; it has taken forty years it may be, to make you what you are, with all the lessons of experience; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them.

Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," said the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the un-failing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves, and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits; yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child, by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values—plenty of love.

To LIVE by the day and to watch each step, is the true pilgrimage method. Be this, then, your prayer: "Lord, direct my morning thoughts, that the step out of my chamber into the world may be taken in Thy fear."

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

BENEDICITE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

GOD'S love and peace be with thee, where
See'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure and true—
The Paraclete white shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou may'st hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

OCTOBER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

OH, beautiful October!
Thou art with us once again;
With the flush upon thy forehead,
And thy finger's purple stain;
With thy amber-girdled vesture,
And thy ruby-dotted train.

Round the edges of the woodland,
Where the outer boughs are red,
Forth by threes, the glossy chestnuts
Creep from many a downy bed;
And the carved and silvery walnut
Lights the stubble 'neath thy tread.

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Through the sere and scented orchard,
Where thy lingering feet have passed,
Mellow heaps are bathed in blushes
By thy scarlet mantle cast;
But the rich and ripened russet
Wears thy soberest hue, and last.

Broad, through many a cottage casement,
Streams the unchecked light to-day;
Long the veiling vines grew gorgeous
With the hectic of decay,
Till the autumn wind, last midnight,
Swept them moaningly away.

Pods are bursting in the garden,
Till the shrivelled seeds are seen—
Grapes are black upon the trellis,
Quinces hanging golden-green—
From her apron dropping fruitage,
Comes the bounteous autumn queen.

Yet, oh, beautiful October!
To the land-sick one at sea,
To the desert wanderer, pining
For a far-off whispering tree,
Dost thou bring the weary yearning
That thou bringest unto me?

All the long and lightsome summer,
I have chased a fairy dream—
I have waked to see the flitting
Of its light wings' parting gleam,
Like the faint, delusive glimmer
Of a star upon a stream.

In thy lights, the vision faded:
With thy earliest falling leaf,
From the rainbow-glancing pinions
Dropped the hues that were so brief;
And I cannot love thee, autumn,
That thou bringest me this grief.

Yet my spirit is unbroken,
Though so long it wore the chain;
Time shall yield the dew of healing
Ere another summer reign:
Then, oh, beautiful October!
Thou wilt bring me joy again.

WINTER IN SPRING.

I dreamed that the swallow did build again
Her warm, soft nest?
I dreamed that the lark, with his joyous strain
The glad earth blessed;
I dreamed that the flowers from earth did start
In bright sunshine;
And I held thee close to my happy heart,
Forever mine.

In one short night are the sunny hours
By north winds chilled;
In one short night are the tender flowers
With black frost killed;
In one short night have the happy birds
Their brief joys told;
And the heart that thrilled at my loving words
Is changed and cold.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

ALICE CARY.

THIS beautiful tribute to the memory of a gifted woman, whose sweet and tender utterances will long live in the hearts of the people, we take from the *Christian Union*:

"Considering the multitude of her literary engagements, and the quantity of verse which she gave to the press during the twenty years of her career, the amount of mental labor which she must have performed was indeed great. And yet, busy as was her life, Alice always had a half hour for a friend—seeming greatly to enjoy these breaks in her working hours; while, to the applicant for advice or assistance, she ever lent a willing ear.

"This readiness of sympathy opened the gates to a wide work of charity, and during the last years of her life she became, in a confidential way, the dispenser of aid, encouragement and advice to an extent which even her best friends could hardly realize or measure. Was it a woman out of work? Alice placed work in the willing hands. Was it a sick family in need of food or attendance? Alice was the good angel who brought peace into the sad room. Was it a young girl going astray? Alice, the gentle, sympathizing sister, won the wandering feet into sober paths. Was it a disappointed author who came to tell her story of disappointed hopes? Alice, from out of the stores of her own experience, drew lessons which comforted and encouraged. She was, indeed, a very Sister of Mercy, and when she died, tears were shed for her at many a fireside, in many a lone chamber, where her memory now is something very sacred and sweet."

Referring to her death, the writer adds:

"In life, the sisters were inseparable. Their love for each other was very beautiful to behold. Unlike in many respects, they were alike in affection; and when Alice fell sick, with her last lingering and intensely painful illness, Phoebe was almost her sole companion and comforter. She watched ceaselessly through days, weeks, months, of such suffering as, happily, it is not often our lot to witness. The disease at first assumed the form of inflammatory rheumatism; then developed into sciatica, which gradually drew the hip-socket apart. Relief was obtained, in the moments of acutest agony, only by morphine, injected; and her body finally became a mass of punctures inflicted by the steel of the injector. It was Phoebe's hand which gave this lesser pain to soothe the greater torture. Brave in her duty, she would press the cruel probe into the shrinking flesh; and then, when sleep followed, she would steal away to her own room to sob her own nerves into subjection."

"Death came at last. How great a relief it was to the sufferer cannot be expressed in words. To Phoebe it was a real joy—for her beloved one, after so long agony, had repose. But who can say what loneliness was in her heart? That beautiful home, so full of associations of the dead, how inexpressibly sad must have been its very atmosphere! Left to herself—courting no companionship even with her most intimate friends—she seemed to dwell with the dead. Earth, and life, and friends, were no longer as they were; and though she seemed to others cheerful and resigned, it was only too evident that Phoebe longed to follow her sister gone before. She had not long to wait, for, ere six months, she, too, fell asleep."

A GLANCE AT SARATOGA.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE has been to Saratoga, and written a pleasant letter about what she saw there. We make a few extracts:

"As a study of American society, a visit at Saratoga is a thing quite worth one's while. There are peculiarities in it distinctly American, and resulting directly from the habits of republican society, which are worth notice.

"One of these is the ease and independence of the life. Nobody is afraid of anybody. There are no visible bolts and bars, no boundaries of frigid reserve such as obtain in society which has been broken into classes, each one of which feels it necessary to keep off the other from its acquaintance. In an English hotel or watering-place, for example, it would be impossible, as here, to get at the heart of English society, and observe the daily manners and goings on of the best classes. What are called the better classes in England are fenced in by every national custom and regulation, and as completely secluded as the ladies of the Grand Seigneur's harem. There are no common parlors where all may meet, no common railroad cars. An English family travels like an island surrounded by water—or as if Genii lifted up the house, and took it from place to place. The family, whole and compact, goes everywhere and keeps by itself. One may travel on the same railroad, put up at the same hotels, with the best English families, and see no more of them than if one were anywhere else. A servant secures a compartment-car for their sole and separate use. Close veiled, and looking neither to the right or left, they enter it. At the hotel their suite of apartments is engaged. They pass from the retirement of the car to the re-

tirement of the hotel, and disappear in mysterious shadows. The fifteen hundred gentlemen and ladies who were making Congress Hall their home while we were there, were of our best class; and we say with honest pride, that the best class of English society has no better.

"There was no flash and dazzle, no predominance of shoddy aristocracy; all was quiet, easy, genial, and refined. The American family of the best class was there well represented. The father and mother, the young collegian, the pretty daughter. And here we must stop and indulge in a little gush of admiration at these dear, pretty, charming, high-bred American girls. Their beauty is of a style so delicate; it is so much the expression of character; it has so many positive intimations of suppressed power and ability, that it is all the more interesting. We watched several of these little queens, from day to day, without detecting an inharmonious movement or an unbecoming gesture—everywhere and always, they appeared coolly mistresses of the situation. This piquant little air of entire self-possession, and ability to look any position in the face, is one of the peculiarities of our young ladyhood, and when veiled by perfect modesty is a wonderful charm. As to toilet matters, we saw much evidence of good taste. The general average was in that precise distance behind extremes, which marks good sense and refinement. The female costume of the season, by the by, is in a much more hopeful and becoming way than it was two or three years ago, when the *Demi monde* of Paris sat as a queen, and had seen no sorrow. It has not now that scraggly, wild, high-flying air, that quantity of jingle and tinsel, and furbelow, that was at one time the desolating fashion. Toilets of modest colors and harmonizing shades of one color have taken the place of startling contrasts and theatrical fashions.

"We looked in one evening and saw pretty girls, like so many tufts of gossamer, floating about in dances, but between ten and eleven all quietly dispersed; there was nothing to be complained of in the way of late hours. One thing we remarked, was the paucity of young men. About half the girls danced with each other; and the same deficiency was everywhere manifest. This again reveals a phase of society peculiarly American. In England and the Old World is a class of men to whom position and property come by entail. They are precisely in the position held by young American girls of good family—they are under no necessity of doing anything for their own support, and have nothing to do but amuse themselves. In America this class of young men is small. The general opinion of society is against it. A young man who does not work at something, who merely lives for society, is not well esteemed—consequently the beaux of these fair ones were not at hand to dance with them. They were at work elsewhere, in offices, committee-rooms, and wherever else the business of the world goes on. On Saturday night

and Sunday there is said to be a throng of the workers for a day's rest at Saratoga, and let us hope that pretty 'Amanda' then sees her faithful 'Mortimer,' who stays away from Saratoga and her presence all the week, only that he may work out means to be with her for life.

"Over at the Grand Union there was a children's ball, and we went to that also. Well—the dear little things were certainly distractingly pretty. Little tots, not much more than babies, danced the Lancers with a grave endeavor to be good and take all the steps in the right place that was amusing, while the dancing-master in their midst had his eye on them, and everybody admired. We think it a pity to have children's balls and parties, just as we think it a pity when we see a house on fire—but yet, if there is one burning, we always go to look at the blaze. These lovely little darlings! what a pity to begin to burn life's short candle at both ends, when it burns too fast at any rate—to stimulate the too delicate brain and excite the too excitable nerves of childhood. Our American climate, life, customs, and manners, are all too stimulating, and the longer one can keep the morning dew and freshness of childhood, the better. For all that, the babies in their ball-room finery were so pretty we could have kissed them with a right good will, and we 'blessed them unawares,' like the Ancient Mariner."

SUNSHINE IN THE NURSERY.

BY J. E. M'C.

"I SHALL never get through this mountain of sewing, Amy, even with my sewing machine. I am quite out of heart with the prospect. If I were not so down-spirited, I could accomplish much more; but somehow the world itself looks uncommonly dull this bright spring day."

"I can furnish the key to your difficulty, and tell you how to remedy it."

"Then please do, dear, and I shall be under lasting gratitude to you."

"First, then, you have been busy in this room nearly all day, have you not?"

"Yes, except about two hours this morning."

"It is a north room, and, though warm and light, it has not seen a ray of sunshine this day. Your machine faces on that chill northern sky. The whole of this side of the house is in deep shadow. Now there is my beautiful room, with the sunshine pouring in at two windows, which have been wide open most of the day. It really glorifies the room, as Sidney Smith used to say. Let us call up Bridget, and she will help us move the machine across to my room. We'll bring the little sewing-chair, and Katy's box of playthings. All our spirits will improve in five minutes."

"But it will muss up your tidy room so. I am used to having work all about mine."

"That will do no harm. Rooms were made to use. I never wish to have anything so nice I am

afraid to use it. But, Martha, you need a taste of fresh air before you set about your afternoon's work. No one has been for your mail to-day. It will not take you more than fifteen minutes, and will save you an hour in your quickened energies."

After a little further persuasion, Martha consented to take this little walk in the sweet, pure sunshine, and came back with cheeks and eyes glowing.

The afternoon passed cheerily in the little room so flooded with sunshine, and the nimble fingers of the lady and the sewing machine accomplished wonders.

"Fury's suit all finished," she said, as she shook out the soft folds. "Now it will be in perfect readiness for next Sabbath, as she so much wished. I am sure I never could have done it but for your kindness and perseverance, Amy. And how good our little pussy has been all day!" and the mother stopped to give little Katy a hug.

"I wish you'd always live in Aunt Amy's house," said the little one, whose spirits had also been wonderfully improved by the change.

"I do think, if I were you, sister, I would take this for my own room, and abandon that gloomy north room. It will answer very well for a state apartment. You can furnish it for guests, who stay but a short time, and will be very comfortable in it. But your nursery should be all sunshine. I will help you arrange it before I leave, if you will consent. I do not doubt but it will add vastly to your own and your children's health, not to speak of the increase in happiness."

Martha considered the plan, and at last decided to make the change, which proved all and more of an advantage than her friend predicted.

I wish that every mother could be persuaded to take the room with the sunny windows for her own. There would be far less of distressing, nervous difficulties among the little ones, and she would find her own neuralgias and nervous troubles lessened tenfold. No doubt it would add years to her own and her children's lives, and help her to spend those years in happiness and usefulness to others.

THE GARDEN AND GREENHOUSE.

GERANIUMS AND PELARGONIUMS.

SOME time since we received a request that we would give directions as to the culture of geraniums. So for some time we have had this subject for regular discussion during the year. But before we have found time to devote attention and thought to the subject, Mr. Henry A. Dreer has sent us a book, published by Henry T. Williams, of New York, and entitled "Every Woman her own Flower Gardener," and in this book we find more explicit directions and descriptions than we could possibly hope to give, so make copious extracts from the chapter devoted to geraniums and pelargoniums:

"The geranium is often confounded with the pelargonium, which differs from it in size, shape, and coloring of its flowers, and it is strictly exotic. The careful and patient hybridization of the French, English, and American florists have brought these flowers to a high standard of perfection.

"Lemoine, the chief of the geranium culturists, introduced the new double varieties, which have become a decided acquisition. They do not drop their leaves, like the single varieties, and their clusters of flowers are of an immense size. They are of all shades of scarlet and bright rosy pink; some have produced heads bearing from sixty to eighty perfect flowerets. They outrank all other kinds of geraniums, and yearly their number increases. They flourish better if partially shaded from the intense heat of the noonday sun; and

will bloom until the frost comes, in the greatest perfection. No white variety has yet been introduced, but M. Lemoine will succeed in procuring one, if skill and patience can produce it."

Of the zonal geraniums the book says:

"But the double varieties are not the only ones which should claim our attention. Some of the new zonal species are admirable in coloring, and of very free growth; their trusses of flowers are five to six inches in diameter; and they are found in all shades, from the most dazzling crimson and the brightest rose to the purest white."

The liliputian zonales or Tom Thumb geraniums "comprise a dwarf section of this species, and grow from six to ten or twelve inches high; are very stocky, and their flowers equal in size and beauty of coloring those of larger growth. They are a very attractive plant, and make pretty borderings for beds or mounds of the taller kinds."

There are, besides these varieties, the sweet-scented geraniums, indispensable for bouquets and vases; golden, bronze, and silver-margined geraniums, of which Mrs. Pollock is the best known, but which is surpassed by Lady Callum in the beauty of its zone; and the variegated ivy-leaved geraniums. These latter are very lovely, from their drooping growth, for vases, rustic baskets, and rock-work. They grow readily from slips, but are quite tender.

Geraniums "delight in a good rich loam, with a mulch of manure, and have a special fancy for liquid manure. If watered with it twice a week

during the summer, will bloom profusely. If your plants are old, prune them closely, cutting the branches well in, and they will reward you for the sacrifice. If they are taken from pots, you should also prune the roots, cutting away all the largest roots to within five or six inches of the main stalk. After this vigorous pruning, the plants should not be exposed to the heat of the day, but must be shaded for a day or two, until they recover from their loss. Thus treated they will speedily put forth new roots, leaves, and buds.

"If the bed is shaded a little during the hottest part of the day, they will bloom the better. To produce the largest clusters of flowers, the stalk above the buds should be pinched off, thus throwing all the strength of the plant into the formation of flowers.

"A rich light loam will grow geraniums to perfection, and the soil fresh from the woods and pastures, if enriched with well-rotted cow-manure, is the best that can be obtained. Plants delight in a virgin soil, and those who live in the country can provide themselves with it by lifting the sods from cow or sheep pastures, and taking the earth from under them.

"If cuttings are desired from the geraniums, they should be taken in July, from the healthiest plants, and planted in small pots filled with a compost of loam and sand, having one or two inches of the former on top of the pot. Insert the cutting firmly, and keep the sand sopping wet until it has rooted. When one or two leaves are developed, transplant it into a larger pot, with a compost of one-third rotted cow-manure, one-third black loam, and one-third sand, and by November you will have vigorous plants for house culture. The large roots can be lifted from the ground before the frost blights their leaves, and after cutting away all the tender shoots and buds, and shaking the earth from their roots, hang them up in a dark, cool, dry, but frost-proof cellar, heads downward. In the spring they can be brought to the light, the branches cut in, and though they will look shabby

enough, yet, if planted in boxes in a warm kitchen, they will put forth leaves and vegetate rapidly, and can then be transplanted into the borders. The tender branches and buds should be cut off, else they will continue for awhile to grow in the cellar, and thus lose their lives.

"Cuttings can be started in the open borders, but they are not as sure to live. It is no more trouble to grow a geranium than a cabbage.

"Geraniums are never attacked by the aphid or red spider, and this is a great attribute; one is not forced to fight for their lives."

Speaking of the pelargonium, the author of this volume says:

"The flowers of this plant are much sought after on account of their perfect coloring and blotches. There are all shades of scarlet, crimson, pink, purple, and white; the lower leaves, and frequently the upper, are veined and blotched with the darkest crimson, purple, and red, beautifully veined with the lighter shades. The leaves of the plant are more pleasantly perfumed than those of the geranium, and have no zonae, or horse-shoe markings, but are of a rich, vivid green. They bloom in border or bed all the summer, and are to be had in hundreds of varieties. They are propagated both from cuttings and seeds, and the 'novelties' are produced by careful hybridization. They require a light, sandy loam, well enriched with cow-manure, and if they are not plentifully supplied with water, their buds will wither away. They need more sunlight than the geranium to bloom in perfection. Some of them are tall in growth, and produce a good effect planted singly on the lawn. They are the most showy-flowered of all the bedding-out plants, excepting the scarlet salvia, and their varied tints and exquisite colors make them very desirable in the smallest garden.

"Their habit is not always compact, but they can be cut and trimmed to a fine shape, and the older plants require such treatment to bloom well the second year."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Christian charity moved in a new direction last summer. It considered the poor little city children and their weary mothers, shut up in narrow courts and crowded into tenement houses, and pitied and helped them. It took them out into the fields and woods, and gave them many days of healthy recreation and refreshment of mind and body. In New York and Philadelphia this was done on an extensive scale—thousands of poor children and their mothers being taken on excursions into the country, by railroad and steamboat, during the hot months of July and August.

In Philadelphia, while the hot weather lasted, from a thousand to fifteen hundred were taken three times a week by cars to Rockland, a cool and shady retreat, in our extensive Park, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where everything was done to give them refreshment and pleasure. Plenty of good food was provided; hoops, balls, etc., were distributed among them; and excursions on the little steamers given to all who wished to enjoy a ride up and down the beautiful river.

And all the expense of this was paid by voluntary subscriptions; and all the care and labor of organizing and conducting these large excursions

performed by a voluntary committee of men and women, who have the best of all rewards—the delight that comes to those who do unselfish good, which is the very delight of Heaven. To them, the memory of this summer's noble Christian work will be sweet through all their lives.

The good that has been done cannot be estimated. Twenty or thirty thousand poor children and their weary, over-taxed mothers were taken out of our city and New York, and given days of rest, refreshment, and happiness in the country. None but those who mingled with them on those occasions, looked into their faces, talked with them, and got near enough to comprehend just how it was with them in real life, can estimate the extent of that good.

Verily, in signs of the times like these, we recognize the precursors of a new and better age. Heaven is coming nearer to man; and its pure, unselfish love is beginning to be poured in larger measure into the hearts of the people everywhere. The inspiration to a work like this is from above; and they who yield to the inspiration, turn themselves to Heaven, and a measure of its peace and joy flows into their hearts.

All this is Christian work—true church work—for the church on earth is Heaven working for the good of humanity; and wherever this is being done the Church of Christ is present—more present than in the most imposing ceremonials of worship EVER BEEN.

WINE-DRINKING CLERGYMEN.

"There are," says *Scribner's Magazine*, in an article which we transfer to our pages this month, "many clergymen in New York who have wine upon their tables, and who furnish it to their guests," and adds: "We keep no man's conscience, but are compelled to say that they sell influence at a shamefully cheap rate. What can they do in the great fight with this tremendous evil? They can do nothing, and are counted upon to do nothing."

Think of it! Clergymen to be counted out in the great battle between good and evil—between Heaven and Hell! Thank God, that all are not so insensible to the demands of their high calling, nor so recreant to duty! Only the few, in or out of New York, are, we are sure, so wedded to appetite or social usage, as to put the cup of confusion to another's lips; and it will not be long, we trust, before every minister of the Gospel in our land will have ragged himself on the side of temperance.

BAD TASTE.

A newspaper account of a recent wedding in New York, says of the bride:

"Her ornaments were of diamonds—a glittering array. They were the gift of the groom. They consisted of a pair of solitaire earrings, valued at \$15,000; a locket, worth \$7,500; a brooch

of forty elegant diamonds, worth \$10,000, and two bracelets, equally valuable. In all, the diamonds amounted to nearly \$50,000 worth."

And adds:

"The groom was in full evening dress, and on his bosom sparkled two solitaires worth \$5,000 to \$8,000 each. Here we might say that Dr. — is the possessor of other equally magnificent diamonds to the value of nearly \$150,000."

Could anything be in worse taste than this? How did the newspaper reporter get at the exact figures? Who gave him the list of prices? And, after all, who cares anything about it?

"THE LADDER OF TYRE."

This fine picture was intended for our last number, in which will be found the description. A defect in the engraving prevented our using it in September. We did not discover this until too late to change the letter-press; which will explain the reason why the description appeared in that number.

WHAT IS RITUALISM?

The *Church Journal* answers this question in a very brief and direct way.

"We propose," says the *Journal*, "to state exactly what Ritualism is. We shall not here discuss its right or its wrong, its wisdom or its folly; we shall merely state it. It is the worship of Christ, God, and man, on the altar, under the forms of bread and wine. The purpose of all the ceremonial, which has created so much discussion, so much scandal, so much confusion in the Church, has been to introduce that worship. The question of Ritualism is not a question of the manner of worship, but of the object of worship. Having decided on the object, the manner necessarily follows: all the decorations of the altar, all the dresses, all the gestures, have reference to the object of worship. It is claimed that our Communion Service is only truly celebrated with reference to that object—Christ under the form of bread and wine. Some while since, in some communications in the *New York Herald*, a writer on the Ritualistic side, professing to speak for the party, took exactly the line of argument and illustration we have taken here. It was written to show that the Ritualists were not children nor fools; that they were not undergoing 'persecution' for the sake of a candlestick or a stole; that, in themselves, these were trifles; what people ordinarily understood by Ritualism—the forms only—was only folly; that the real thing was underneath, and the ceremonial only its outward symbolism, and that that thing was the adoration of God under the form of bread and wine. The whole defence of Ritualism, then, as a means of adding to 'the glory and beauty' of divine service, as an increase of solemnity or dignity to such service, was only for the sake of gain-

ing toleration for the time. The real question is the question of eucharistic adoration, of introducing a specific sort of worship, which is certainly new to churchmen of this generation. The ceremonial has all its value from reference to the object. Ritualism, we repeat then, is the worship of God under the form of bread and wine on the altar. 'Eucharistic vestments,' candles, prostrations, genuflections, elevations, bowings and turnings to the altar, all grew up in the first case around that worship and are its expression. That worship gives them all their meaning now, and this is the declaration of those, both in England and America, who have the right to speak for the 'Ritualistic party.' The introduction of that worship is the purpose of that 'party.'

A TWO-THOUSAND-DOLLAR HORSESHOE.

Robert Collyer, the celebrated Unitarian minister at Chicago, worked, a few years ago, at the trade of a blacksmith in Bucks county, Pa. Just after the great fire, the students of Cornell University made an offer of two thousand dollars to the preacher if he would, with his own hands, make them a horseshoe.

Mr. Collyer accepted the offer, made the shoe, and presented it with a brief address, from which we take a few sentences:

"Now, will you let me say farther, that I hope this thing was not done on your part for the mere love of sensation, but rather to mark your esteem for the handicrafts which underlie our civilization in these times; that while you are here fitting yourselves for what we call the higher walks of life, you cherish a real respect for all honest work of every sort; do not hold yourselves above any man who has to labor with his hands at any calling, so long as he acts like a gentleman; and if you find, when you are through your college course, that, after all, you can do nothing better than work at the bench, the anvil, or the farm, you will feel it is no disgrace, but an honor, for a college-bred man to work for his living in any of these callings. I can truly say for myself I feel it is an honor to have been a blacksmith, and if I had not now any call, I should esteem it no disgrace to go back to the anvil I left thirteen years ago.

"Let me say one thing more. A horseshoe has always been considered a sure thing against witches; they cannot get into any place where there is one nailed over the door. Now, the witches, you know, have always been women, but if this horseshoe in your University has any influence to keep women out of it, so that they cannot get an education here on equal terms with the men, I shall be sorry I ever made it, and can truly say that the two thousand dollars, in such a case, would be no compensation to me for such an ignoble piece of work.

"I have only beside to thank you, boys, with my whole heart, as a citizen of our good city, for your most generous gift to us, and to wish you and your great University the largest success."

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A lady, writing from California, gives, in one of her letters, this incident. Her party was on a visit to the big trees in Calaveras:

"As we walked past one of the largest *sequoias*, we found a group collected in the path, about some object of common interest. It was a very tiny, striped squirrel, not more than a few days old, to judge by the size. It had fallen from its nest somewhere in the giant branches above, but was unhurt, except that it panted with fright. A lady had picked it up. It lay in her hands, quivering and emitting a sharp, plaintive cry, like that of a wounded bird. There was much perplexed discussion as to what should be done. To climb the tree was impossible—to carry the little thing away equally so, for we were all strangers, with a long and toilsome journey before us. Grave heads met and consulted over the case, and at last it was resolved to leave the poor baby behind, in hopes that the parent squirrels might find and succor it. So a nest was constructed of dry leaves and freshly-plucked ferns, and in the midst, tucked up as comfortably as might be, the little squirrel was inserted. And there we left it, the weak and tiny thing, born but yesterday, cradled at the foot of the huge green giant, the growth of two thousand years. The pitiful cry pursued us. From the distance another cry seemed to be answering. And we knew that the All-wise care which protects the large things of earth broods with equal tenderness over the small, and leaving the helpless creature to that dear and unseen guardianship we came away."

A DESOLATE COUNTRY.

One of the gold-digging regions of California is thus described by a recent traveller: "Everywhere, on every side, the country was riddled and gulched and excavated into a honeycomb of gaping pits, and thirsty-looking pebbles and boulders heaped in masses for miles and miles. Some of these pits were very deep. Their trenches curved and intersected, and ran into each other curiously. Looking down into them, rocks of strange forms could be seen, huge, water-washed to perfect smoothness, but arid and bleached like the bones of extinct and gigantic animals. It was the framework and skeleton of the soil laid bare and exposed, but the life-giving properties had long since vanished with the precious grains for whose sake all this havoc was wrought. Arabia Petra cannot be more mournfully desolate than this land to whom summer's sun and winter's storms, seed-time and harvest, return forevermore in vain."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1873.

A NEW DEPARTURE:

We give in this number our Prospectus for 1873. Change and improvement being the order of the day, we, too, are going to take a step forward and upward: are going to lift the "HOME MAGAZINE" to a higher level, and make its influence broader, if possible, and more fully in harmony with the spirit of our new and wonderful age.

From the beginning, it has been our effort, in reaching, through this magazine, the homes of the people, to make those homes purer, better, and happier. That good has been done we know from the thousands of heart-warm responses that come to us year by year.

But our magazine has never been up to our own ideal of what such a magazine should be. Not that we wished to make it heavier—duller, as some would say. The best lessons in life, the purest precepts, and the loftiest sentiments, may all be so taught and illustrated as to captivate the heart and hold the thought with intensest interest. Poetry and fiction are so subtle and powerful in their influence when used for good, that they have taken the front rank as moral and religious agencies in the literature of to-day, and to eschew them would be as wise as for a soldier to cast away his most effective weapons on the eve of battle.

In lifting, therefore, our magazine, as we propose, to a higher level, we shall not in anything lessen, but largely increase, we trust, its interest for all but mere frivolous, prurient, or aimless readers, and such as care only for amusement and false excitement. We shall try to make every reader more sympathetic with our common humanity; wiser and more self-compelling; more obedient to heavenly order; more cheerful and hopeful; purer and happier—and in the pursuit of this end shall keep our pages as free from the dulness of mere preaching as from the weakness and vanity of fine writing.

The time has gone by for a magazine of high moral and social aims to mar its pages with cuts of fashion. The number of papers and magazines specially devoted to dress and fashion, has come to be very large; and there is scarcely a family in the land into which they do not find their way, with their abundant illustrations of prevailing styles, their paper patterns, and designs for needlework. The few pages we have been able to spare to fashion have been, of necessity, meagre and unsatisfactory, and almost useless encroachments on space that could have been used to a far better and more acceptable purpose. We shall, therefore, drop this department altogether, and give in its stead a series of finely illustrated articles far more desirable, useful, and interesting; and we do not believe that we have a dozen readers who will not be glad of the change.

A cheap magazine has, of necessity, to use cheap

material and workmanship. There is no getting away from this. You cannot buy poundcake for the price of gingerbread. Every body knows this. Out of the region of cheapness we must lift the HOME MAGAZINE. If we would give it the beauty and excellence we desire; and so we shall advance the price from \$2.00 a year to \$2.50, with a corresponding advance in the club rates. This small difference in the price to subscribers, will give us the means of largely increasing the attractions of our magazine, and also enable us to present to each subscriber a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES," one of the loveliest steel engravings ever published. We are very sure that no magazine or paper will offer anything to its subscribers next year, that, to persons of pure taste and fine sentiment, will be half so attractive and desirable as "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

We make thus early a full announcement of our changes, plans, and purposes for the next year, in order that our friends may know all about them, and so be able to move at once in the work of making their club renewals. Our elegant picture will be ready early in the month of October, when it will be mailed to all who send in their subscriptions for 1873, as soon as the subscriptions are received. Remember that every subscriber will get a copy of "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" free, and get it as soon as his subscription comes in. Every club-getter receives a copy, of course. See clubbing terms.

OUR NEW PICTURE, "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES."

FREE TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER FOR 1873!

If anything sweeter, lovelier, or more attractive than "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" has yet appeared in this particular field of art, it has not been our good fortune to see it. There have been innumerable single figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity; and groups of Faith and Hope; but this is, we believe, the only fine picture in which CHARITY, "the greatest of these," comes in as the central figure, and in a group of ideal faces of the loveliest type, shines sweetest and loveliest of them all. A fitting representative of our time, when Charity is coming forward and taking her true place as the first and greatest of Christian virtues.

We feel a special pleasure in being able to send into thousands of homes, as we shall soon do, this lovely picture; for we know that its presence will not only be a perpetual delight, but an inspiration to purity and goodness.

Every subscriber to the "Home" for next year will receive a copy of this picture free.

SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION AT ONCE.

We shall be ready to mail "THE CHRISTIAN GRACES" by the middle of October. Send in clubs and single subscriptions as early as possible and secure first impressions of the picture. If you are making up clubs, send in portions as soon as obtained. You will have no trouble about completing and greatly enlarging them so soon as the picture is seen.

ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.

WEDDING INVITATIONS this season will be issued upon delicate cream-tinted paper with envelopes and cards to correspond. During a visit to Dreka's extensive card engraving and stationery establishment on Chestnut St., we were much astonished and amused at the variety offered in this line, and would advise a visit to any one interested.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP, SEA-WEED TONIC, AND MANDRAKE PILLS.—These are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption. Dr. Schenck has been in constant practice over thirty years, continually examining lungs, and knows his medicines, if properly taken, will cure consumption. His Mandrake Pills cleanse the liver and stomach; his Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, stimulates the coating of the stomach and aids digestion; his Pulmonic Syrup ripens the matter, and nature throws it off without any exertion. Prepared and for sale by J. H. Schenck & Son, N. E. cor. Sixth and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, and by Druggists and Dealers generally.

ALEX. WARFIELD, Esq.—My dear Sir: Having been made acquainted with the ingredients of which your celebrated "COLD WATER SOAP" is composed, and having fully tried the soap on various occasions, I take pleasure in giving this as my testimony: 1st. The Soap is perfectly harmless, and may be used with impunity, even in washing the most delicate infant or the most fastidious beauty. 2d. It is purifying, refreshing, detergent, and disinfecting. 3d. No lady, no gentleman, no housekeeper, no hotel, no asylum, no hospital should be without it. The above may seem strong language, but I have only embodied my convictions, after thorough experience and trial.

Very truly, yours,

B. PRICE, M. D.,

June 13th, 1872.

307 N. Ninth St., Phila.

LADY'S FURNISHING GOODS.—Particular attention is called to Wm. T. Hopkins's advertisement of Lady's Furnishing Goods, to be found on the last two pages of this issue. The extent of his assortment and quality and prices, will commend themselves to all favoring him with an examination of them. Besides which, as a means of bringing his business, and the advantages he can offer customers, prominently to the notice of as many families as possible, he is furnishing yearly subscriptions to this periodical to his customers FREE, or at mere nominal prices, in accordance with the notice at the end of his advertisement.

NUTRINA AS A DIET.—Nutrina and Nutri-date are prepared from Wheat, and contain all the elements of nutrition necessary for a vigorous and healthful manhood, in the requisite proportions to give strength, tone, and vigor to mental and physical organism.

To all of sedentary habits, Nutrina is a diet of super-excellence, and its virtues make it, in some form, a favorite article of daily food. Sold by all Grocers.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS throughout the country will find in the stock of Bargh, Warren & Co., whose advertisement will be found in this number, a full and complete assortment of news and book papers, Manila, colored cover and poster papers, and every kind of papers used for job printing. We recommend this house to our friends, with full confidence in their ability and fairness.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—The preservation of wood is a subject on which much has yet to be learned. The fencing of the farm-land of the country involves an immense amount of capital, but as yet little is known how to protect it from the destruction of the elements, consequently fencing of farm-land has to be continually renewed from year to year.

In some sections of the country even the houses have been left to share the same fate of the fences, whilst in other districts they have adopted the expen-

sive mode of painting their houses, both to protect them from the weather, as well as for ornament. From the small comparative expense of painting with the Pecora Paints, it would be economy in the farmers to paint not only all their buildings—houses, barns, and even fences; this Pecora Paint has now been tested for over twelve years, and it has been found more durable than lead, beside being less expensive. 100 pounds doing the work of 200 pounds of lead. Inquirers for this paint will be answered from 169 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARRISON GRAMBO, Banker and Broker, 530 Walnut street, Phila., invests funds on real estate security at high rates of interest, and with absolute security from loss. He is also largely engaged in banking in all its branches.

WANAMAKER & BROWN'S SUMMER SUITS.—Oak Hall, corner of Sixth and Market, is the place to get them, ready made, or to order. Persons living at a distance from Philadelphia can have samples of goods sent them, with easy rules for measurement.

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